

The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1879.

The Week.

THE long-pending conflict between the two sections of the State Democrats, the Tammany party, headed by John Kelly, and the Robinson party or Tildenites, as they are supposed to be, came to a head at the nominating convention at Syracuse on Thursday. In spite of several furious speeches against Governor Robinson—in which the only charge made was that he had disorganized the party by his removals of city officers—it was plain that his nomination was a foregone conclusion. Whereupon, amidst great disorder, the Tammany delegates, numbering seventy-two strong, withdrew from the convention to a hall of their own, where they nominated John Kelly for the Governorship. The Robinson men, whose Machine worked beautifully, thereupon nominated him for the Governorship, and Mr. Clarkson N. Potter for the Lieutenant-Governorship. The bolters were led out by Messrs. John Kelly, Dorsheimer (the present Lieutenant-Governor), David Dudley Field, and Augustus Schell. Kelly made a speech denouncing Robinson, acknowledging that he did not expect to be elected himself, but promising to defeat his enemy. It would probably be difficult to discover, either in ancient or modern history, a more corrupt and rascally political constituency than that which Kelly now heads, and its separation from the decent element in the party must be regarded by every one as a distinct gain for the whole community. The journey by which Mr. Dorsheimer has, after starting from Grant, reached Kelly through Greeley and Tilden, is in many respects equal to the 'Odyssey,' and could be only fitly described in an epic poem. The cycle of his political experience must now be complete; there can hardly be anything beyond Kelly to which he can look with hope or affection. And Kelly has David Dudley Field too, in many respects the noblest Roman of them all.

The platform asserts the political principles laid down by Washington and Jefferson; holds to the Constitution with the amendments; condemns centralization; pronounces the United States a nation to the extent defined in the Constitution; deprecates feuds, and strife, and "passions of the past"; demands honest elections and honest counts; denounces "the encroachments of capital" and "the despotic greed of corporations"; approves of gold and silver coin, but rebukes the Secretary of the Treasury for his "favoritism" and his "so-called syndicates"; looks with "shame and sorrow" (this appears to have been received with perfect gravity) "on the disgraceful repudiation of their professions of civil-service reform by the Executive and his supporters"; condemns the electioneering of Federal officers; congratulates the people of the State on the payment of the State debt and the reduction of expenses; applauds the Democratic State officers; calls for railroad reform; and winds up by a categorical demand for equal burdens on property, and prohibition of discrimination on railroad freights, of the competition of prison with free labor, and of Federal supervision of elections. It is a much better drawn platform than that of the Republicans, as entering more into details and giving more attention to State concerns. It distinctly pledges the party to the prevention of electioneering by Federal officers. This, no doubt, does not amount to much, but it is more than the Republicans ventured on, or could venture on, inasmuch as their candidate, if he represents any political principle at all, represents the principle that Federal electioneering is a Federal officer's principal work.

What the effect of the split will be in the party at large remains to be seen. That it has caused some trepidation is shown by the fact that the National Executive Committee is going to meet and discuss it. There is a strong desire prevalent, apparently, in the West

and South to get rid of Tilden, but this does not seem to be possible. He owns the Machine, which he has constructed with much care and at great expense, and thinks very truly, that at this important crisis in the history of the party it would be very injudicious to dispense with him and try a new man with very inferior apparatus, particularly as the Republicans in his own State have decided to fight a Machine battle. We wonder whether he personally shares "the shame and sorrow" of the Convention at the spectacle of Mr. Hayes's failure to carry out his promise of civil-service reform? If so, he must with his sensitive nature be fairly bowed down by it.

An excellent address to the Republicans of New York has been circulated during the week, calling upon them to scratch the names of Cornell and of Soule, the candidate for State Engineer. It opposes Cornell on the grounds of his having, as chairman of the State Committee, manipulated votes to secure his own nomination; because of his want of fitness for the office; "because he was nominated not in the interests of the Republican party but in order to demonstrate who controlled it," an undeniable proposition; and "because he is a notorious opponent of President Hayes and of administrative reform." Mr. Soule's election, it is declared, "would give practical encouragement to canal corruption." The address points out the danger, in case the appeal for "harmony" is listened to, and no protest is made now, that "the machine element will force upon us, in the supreme issue of 1880, a candidate who will be defeated by the disheartened apathy of his own party"; that the attempt to thwart this element in primaries and conventions has always proved abortive; and that "the one way for the ordinary citizen to oppose the machine politician, with his professional skill, is to make his trade uncertain, by giving him practical notice that a bad candidate may be defeated by those independent votes within the party which he chooses to defy." The Independent Republican Committee, as the promoters of the address in this city call themselves, offer to supply at cost Republican ballots with the names of Governor and State Engineer in blank, and invite correspondence "with a view to a more general organization after this election."

The other political movements of the week may be briefly summarized. The Wisconsin Democrats are at a loss for a candidate for Governor, Mr. Alexander Mitchell, who was nominated for that office last week, having telegraphed from Europe an absolute declination. Mr. Mitchell is said to be "probably the richest capitalist in the entire Northwest," and so much the best candidate his party could have selected that his refusal to run leaves them in distress. The Wisconsin Democracy does not deserve much sympathy, however. Being elated two years ago with its reduction of the Republican majority, it imagined that all it needed to carry the State was the Greenback vote, which it accordingly solicited with a rag-money platform. The result was disastrous, and this year it resolved that "the constitutional currency of the country and the basis of all other should be gold and silver coin," which, perhaps, was as far as it could go with any show of consistency. The Maryland Republicans held their Convention on Friday, adopted verbatim all of the Saratoga platform which relates to national affairs except the section referring to Democratic ill-treatment of "old Union soldiers," declared that the people of Maryland would "never condone the fraud that was perpetrated by the Democratic party in the election of 1875," and nominated Mr. James A. Gary, of Howard County, for Governor, ex-Postmaster-General Cresswell declining to have his name brought before the Convention. The Massachusetts Greenback-Labor party met in Faneuil Hall Friday, and, after a tumultuous session, nominated General Butler for Governor and Wendell Phillips for Lieutenant-Governor, and adopted a platform which is a marvellous mosaic. It asserts that "the Greenback philosophy has been grandly vindicated" by the stoppage of contraction in

1878 and the receiving of greenbacks for customs duties, which perhaps would indicate that Secretary Sherman's popularity is increasing in an unexpected direction if it were not followed by the observation that "the coin resumption of the Republican party is a sham and a delusion." Kearney will read with surprise that his Eastern friends believe "labor-saving machinery is a boon of God to the sons and daughters of toil," though they want "the contract system of convict labor abolished." It seems a little singular that there should have been some slight and temporary objection to a resolution calling upon the Government to make up to "the soldier" the difference between the gold value of his pay in 1864 and that of "the bondholder's dollar" with interest. To pass this required a good deal of reciprocal personal abuse.

The supporters of Mr. John D. Long for Governor of Massachusetts proved to be a decided majority of the delegates to the Republican Convention at Worcester, on Tuesday, and he is accordingly the candidate of the party. The platform begins with an assertion of national supremacy in protecting the rights of citizens, especially at the polls; accuses the Democrats of having revived sectional animosities, and of attempting to establish by legislation the doctrine of State sovereignty defeated in war; congratulates the Republicans on resumption, and demands that the paper and coin circulation of the country be kept on a par with the gold standard of the world; praises President Hayes for his late vetoes and for his pure administration, and promises him support in his efforts to carry out the principles of civil-service reform embodied in the Cincinnati platform and in his letter of acceptance. What we may call the contemporaneous exposition of these resolutions showed that the first two were the only ones of any importance to the Convention, and presumably to the party. Ex-Governor Bullock, the chairman, and Senator Hoar made the only two speeches of the occasion, and declared the coming election a part of the Presidential election next year, and the Southern question the main one in both. Each speaker, in his own way, addressed himself to the Stalwart sentiments of the Convention to the exclusion of every other consideration. We are to have, therefore, in Massachusetts, as in Maine, the spectacle of a nominal contest over war issues on the stump, and a real division on the financial issue at the ballot-box. A less wholesome condition of politics has seldom been seen there.

A remarkable recommendation from the State Department has lately been published concerning the Weil and La Abra claims against Mexico, on which the Joint Commission made awards of nearly \$1,200,000. In the distribution to other claimants of the instalments paid over by Mexico, Congress authorized an investigation of the charges of fraud in those two claims, and directed that "if the honor of the United States, the principles of public law, or considerations of justice and equity" appeared to require that the awards should be opened and the cases retried, the moneys to the credit of those claims should be withheld and the awards "set aside, modified, or affirmed," as decided upon such retrial. This course was in accordance not only with the suggestion of the umpire, Sir Edward Thornton, that "no government would insist upon the payment of claims shown to be founded upon perjury," and with the action in the analogous cases of the Gardner claim under the Treaty of Guadalupe-Hidalgo, and the claims against New Granada, but with the position assumed by the United States in protesting against the late fishery award. It amounted to a notice to the class of claimants who rolled up an aggregate of \$470,000,000 of claims against Mexico that international commissions, limited in their duration and necessarily defective in their modes of investigation, cannot continue to be a successful field for speculation, and that, under the pretence of the finality of their awards, our Government will not knowingly enforce unjust claims against a friendly power.

After examining the newly-discovered proofs filed by Mexico, Mr. Evarts concluded that neither the principles of public law nor

considerations of equity and justice demanded a new trial by an international commission, but that the honor of the United States did require a thorough investigation of both claims; and as the Executive had not the facilities for making such investigation, he recommended that the proofs be sent to Congress "for the exercise of their plenary authority in the matter." In the Abra claim, however, he states that the main imputation is of "fraudulent exaggeration" of damages, that in his opinion the proposed investigation should be confined to that question, and that upon a "careful estimate as to any probable or just reduction" he thinks it would be safe to distribute the three instalments (nearly \$150,000) already paid to the credit of that claim. The Government would thus hand over to persons who appear to be at least liable to the charge of "fraudulent exaggeration" a large sum with which to urge before Congress the other three-fourths of their claim, upon the "estimate" of an officer not specially authorized by law to make one, and who anticipates the result of an investigation which he expressly declares the Executive "is not furnished with the means of instituting and pursuing." Nor is this all. The charges of Mexico against the claim—which, together with the proofs, were published at the time its re-examination was ordered by Congress—in fact are, not only that the ores of the Abra mine, for which the umpire awarded \$100,000 and interest, were worthless, but also that the company abandoned the mine for that reason voluntarily and without any interference. In recommending an investigation of the apparent "fraudulent exaggeration" of the claim the Secretary admits that Mexico has made a *prima-facie* case as to the first part of the charge, but having done so he unaccountably disregards the presumption thence arising as to the voluntary abandonment of the unproductive mine. Should the latter ground of defence, which is a natural consequence of the former and inseparable from it, be substantiated by the investigation recommended, the entire claim must be unjust, and the "honor of the United States" would surely require, in accordance with the precedent in the *Caroline* claim against Brazil, that the money paid out by the State Department should be repaid to Mexico out of the National Treasury.

The almost instant acquittal of Gully, one of the notorious "Chisholm murderers" of Kemper County, Mississippi, has been accepted by the Republican press unanimously, so far as we have seen, as an evidence of the blindness of Southern justice in political matters. This may not argue a wise and temperate judgment, and it does not, indeed, take account of the long-standing feud which led up to the slaughter of the Chisholms; but the Southern Democrats certainly have themselves to blame for any misinterpretation of the event. Gully was indicted and prosecuted for a particular crime—the murder of Miss Cornelia Chisholm—and it is possible that he may have been guiltless of it. But the circumstances of the trial indicated that he would be acquitted whether guilty or not. What we have not noticed in the comments on the verdict, and what we are glad to see mentioned by General Woodford, who accompanied Mrs. Chisholm to Kemper County as a kind of body-guard, is the fact that a sincere effort was made by the State authorities to secure justice in the case, in accordance with the promise made by the Governor two years ago. General Woodford says the jury was fairly drawn; that Judge Hamm did his duty "fearlessly and justly," and Ford, the District-Attorney, his "well and bravely"; that the latter was assisted by eminent and able counsel, and that all was done that could be done to secure Gully's conviction. This is far better news than much that we had from the South while there was "a strong hand at the helm" at Washington. "In 1879," says General Woodford, "at least the forms of law are observed and an orderly trial is held. This was not an investigation before a partisan Congressional Committee, but it was a thorough and deliberate trial, conducted in due form of law by a Democratic District-Attorney before a distinguished and learned Democratic judge." The progress indicated in this implied contrast is not only substantial but promising.

A number of gentlemen constituting a "Congress of the National League" held a convention in Cincinnati on Saturday and Sunday for some purpose not very distinctly defined, and perhaps somewhat general in its nature. Mr. Elizur Wright presided, and Professor Toohey, of Boston, Mr. Parker Pillsbury, Mr. Wakeman, of this city, and Elder Evans, of the Shaker settlement at Lebanon, were prominent actors. Colonel Ingersoll was perhaps the most animating figure, however; he "brought his better half," as one of the delegates said, adding: "I know of no other two hemispheres that compose a grander globe." The call for the convention had been addressed to all those who were oppressed by the grinding tyranny of the Sabbatarian spirit which permeates our modern society, and comes to the surface in various shameless ways, from openly resting one day in seven to frowning upon the distribution of obscenity through the mails. Of this offending, President Hayes was declared to be the head and front, and he was charged with "having allowed himself to be bull-dozed by the clerical party" out of executing his intention to send Colonel Ingersoll to Berlin, "because Ingersoll is an infidel." To this influence also were ascribed the choice of Foster over Taft by the Ohio Republicans, the action of Governor Talbot, of Massachusetts, in signing a petition against the pardon of the notorious Bennett, and, "the last crowning act of infamy," the refusal of the President to grant the said pardon. The sessions were spirited, and the members, united only by the negative tie of grievance, naturally somewhat unruly. Various speeches were delivered expressing sympathy with Bennett, denouncing the frightful obscenity of the Bible, and urging the repeal of "the Comstock law" and of the laws against profane swearing, inasmuch as "the punishment of heresy and blasphemy should be left with God, the only being supposed to be injured." It was announced on Sunday that the convention had been "captured by Socialists" before its adjournment, but there does not seem any good reason to fear this; at least the individual liberty of the League's members was not rigorously restrained, and in any event very little was done except to postpone the consideration of effective relief measures till next year.

The importations of gold continue to be the main feature of the financial situation. These since our last issue have aggregated about nine million dollars, making with previous receipts a total since the middle of August of some \$22,000,000. Since we last wrote, about \$6,000,000 more gold has been started to New York, mainly from Paris, and the calculation that \$40,000,000 to \$50,000,000 will have been received here from Europe by the first day of January next does not now seem unreasonable. There is a suspicion, however, that the business has of late been somewhat overdone, bankers having ordered gold in anticipation of a supply of cotton bills, which is this year from three to four weeks later than last year. Large as have been these importations, they have only been sufficient to offset the demand for currency on the New York banks, and it is instructive to reflect upon what the New York money market would have now been if no foreign gold had been received. At the Stock Exchange speculation has gone on as if the gold received were a surplus, and would make what was good much better, and all manner of wild schemes have flourished. Of course, the rise in many stocks has been well founded, but on the other hand the shares of companies which are yet in the hands of receivers and can only be made valuable by a miracle, have been "ballooned," until it has come to be a saying that forged certificates, if started in price below ten dollars per share, can be "bulled" successfully to twenty dollars a share. The silver market was dull and steady throughout.

The news from Afghanistan grows worse every day. It was at first believed or hoped in India that the attack on the embassy at Kabul was a sudden outburst of fury on the part of mutinous soldiers and the mob, and that Yakub Kahn was deeply grieved by it and tried to prevent it. But this theory had to be given up

before the news that there were signs of a general rising among the tribes, and that Yakub Khan had apparently no authority over anybody. Later accounts point to his complicity with the massacre, or at all events his subsequent acquiescence in it, and it is now reported that Kabul is covered by a considerable Afghan army. Though this is said to be sensation, General Roberts, who commands the British avenging force, evidently cannot advance with the army now at his disposal, and will have to wait for reinforcements, which come tardily, and for means of transportation, which are deficient owing to the enormous destruction of camels by the late expedition. The snow falls in the passes early in December, and after that communication becomes difficult or impossible, so that it may be said that he must be in Kabul and have made himself comfortable in winter quarters by the first of December at the farthest. He can probably do this, but it is an arduous enterprise, and its success will not solve the problem. For after having taken Kabul the question presents itself, Can the Indian Government afford to conquer and occupy Afghanistan; and if not, who is to rule it in a manner satisfactory to England? Yakub Khan, as an instrument of British policy, has broken to pieces.

We are yet without full accounts of the effect of the disaster on English opinion; but the damage it has done to the Jingoism merely by discrediting their prophets must be enormous. One has only to read the article of Sir Henry Rawlinson, in a late number of the *Nineteenth Century*, to see that the party will not be again able to raise its head in the press. Sir Henry is an old Indian officer. He served in the Afghan war of 1839, and has for thirty years been a high authority on the affairs of Central Asia, and has been one of the great guns of the Ministry in the defence of their Afghan policy, and a great Russophobic. In the August number of the *Nineteenth Century* he tramples the Liberals in the dust. "We were told," he says, "that our so-called Jingoism in the East would inevitably lead either to national disaster or national bankruptcy; and now, because these sinister predictions have not been realized, but, on the contrary, a short, inexpensive, and not inglorious campaign, skilfully conducted and bravely supported, has been crowned with a peace promising substantial results," etc., etc. It is easy to see that he and others like him can be of no further service to the Ministry.

It will also be very interesting to see what the effect of the news will be in Russia. An expedition under General Lazareff, who died recently while on the march, started some time ago across the Black Desert for the chastisement, it was said, of the Turkomans, a peculiarly ferocious tribe who prowl on the borders of Persia. There has been great fear in England that this expedition would diverge to the east and seize on the oasis of Merv, and a question was asked on the subject in the House of Commons some weeks ago, but Mr. Stanhope said that the Russian Government had promised not to go to Merv. Recently, however, and before the news of the late disaster at Kabul, the St. Petersburg semi-official papers have been asking, in a very suspicious manner, whether the British success in Afghanistan has not changed the aspect of affairs, and whether it would not be in the interest of both countries for the Russians to take Merv, and thus virtually bring the frontiers of the two empires into contact, and root out the intervening barbarism. Merv is not over twelve days' march from Herat.

No little excitement has been caused in Italy by an unexpected article in the Austrian *Military Gazette*, written by Colonel Haymerle, brother of the Austrian ambassador to Italy, which assumes that the agitation for *Italia irredenta* still continues and has overcome by terrorism even the cultivated classes, and, proceeding to examine the fighting capacity of the Italian army and navy, and the chances of an offensive alliance, concludes that Austria need not fear an attempt to seize the Trentino and Trieste. Official apologies have been made for the article, but the Italians suspect an agreement of Austria with Germany which bodes them no good.

THE INDEPENDENT VOTER IN THE NEW YORK ELECTION.

THE nomination of Governor Robinson by the Democrats at Syracuse, and the bolting of the Tammany faction, promise to make the coming State election one of more than usual interest, especially to those who care much for the cause of good government, but on whom the yoke of party sits lightly. We would, therefore, call the attention of this class—which we believe to be a large and growing one, in spite of the discouragements of the last few years—to the fact that even those Republican papers, such as the *Times*, the *Evening Post*, and *Harper's Weekly*, which complain most loudly of the tyranny of the Machine, and are most disappointed by the proceedings of the late Republican Convention, have no remedy to suggest. They do not propose to mark their sense of the evil of Machine nominations in any way but by grumbling for a few weeks after the nomination is made. They propose to act, and to advise others to act, in all respects as if the nomination of Cornell was entirely satisfactory, by casting their ballots for the entire ticket as framed by the Machine. They do this, they say, because of the influence which the election in this State this year is likely to have on the Presidential election next year. If the Republicans lose New York this year they will probably lose it next year, and the loss of it next year, if it should prove, as is likely, to be a "pivotal State," would give us a Democratic Administration with all its attendant horrors. They therefore propose that the task of overthrowing the Machine, the importance of which they do not deny, should be postponed to a more convenient season—i. e., to some period when resistance to the Machine will not be likely to secure the triumph or improve the prospects of the Democrats. Their position, in short, is that of a Good Man in a firm of grocers which contributes largely every year to the Board of Foreign Missions, but contains a Wicked Partner who sands the sugar and puts bits of lead on the bottom of the scales. The Good Man feels deeply the guilt and shame of the Wicked Partner's proceedings, and is firmly resolved to break with him some day, but wishes to choose a year for doing so when the Board of Foreign Missions will not miss the annual subscription; but, as the Board is always short of money, this year never comes, and the Wicked Partner at last smiles grimly when he hears the Good Man talking of a dissolution, and increases the proportion of sand in the sugar and adds another bit of lead to the scales.

The danger which prevents the discontented Republicans from resisting the Machine is not likely to disappear within the present century. The composition of the Democratic party is not likely to improve much in our time; and even if it vanished, another of similar materials and very similar aims and ideals would take its place. It contains and will long contain the least intelligent portion of the white community, and the one most hostile to all change which involves self-restraint and self-sacrifice. That it does not contain the ignorant blacks as well as the ignorant whites is a mere accident. The chances are that before 1900 it will contain them, and they will then be found on the wrong side in the battle of civilization which the Republicans have been so long fighting on their behalf, just as the Irish at the North are found on the wrong side. In saying this, however, we by no means admit that the dangers of Democratic rule are as great as some of our Republican brethren are in the habit of representing. To admit this would, in our mind, be to admit that the end of free government on this continent was close at hand. The Democratic party contains well-nigh half the voting population; and a state half whose voters were intent on the destruction of its credit and the ruin of its institutions, and were only prevented from accomplishing their designs by a trifling majority at every election, could not be far from extinction.

But granting that the Democratic party is as bad as its worst enemies say, there is no immediate prospect of its improvement. As long as the nation owes anything, that party is as likely to be as "dangerous to the public credit" as it is now. It is likely

to connive at corruption and oppression as long as poverty or ignorance or weakness exists; so that, for all practical purposes, the question before Republicans who do not like the Machine is whether they will make a vigorous effort to bring about "reform within the party" now, or postpone it indefinitely, and cease to talk about it. Nor will it do to say that they will resist the Machine on some "off-year"—that is, a year in which not only are there no Federal elections, as this year, but in which the State election is not likely to affect the Presidential election. The Machine meets this device by not working in "the off-year." It has more than once or twice happened in this State that, when Conkling feared the reformers were going to rise on him and defeat his nominations at the polls, he has put out his fires, discharged his hands, and locked up the mill, and has himself gone to bed with a headache. In this way he was able to say with perfect truth that the victory of his opponents meant nothing as far as he was concerned, as he was not entered for the competition. The years he chooses for displays of his power are always years, like the present, in which he is able to threaten the reformers with calamitous results to the party, and to the country generally, if they refuse to work for the ticket. So that we may confidently predict that an opportunity for defeating him, without running any risk or hurting anybody, will never be offered to our prudent brethren of the *Times*, and *Post*, and *Harper's Weekly*. They would evidently like to make omelettes without breaking eggs, or smash the Machine without loss of "harmony," but this blessed privilege Conkling is much too shrewd to allow them.

The independent voters—that is, those who exercise their judgment freely about the probable consequences of their votes, and do not allow their ticket to be finally settled for them in the Convention—will do well to bear in mind that the election of Cornell will be, more distinctly than any election which has taken place in our time, the triumph of one man, and that not a man identified with any great cause, or principle, or idea, or policy, but a thoroughly and undisguisedly self-seeking politician. It will send him to the Presidential Convention next year with the air of having the State of New York in his pocket, and of being, therefore, entitled to a weightier voice about the nomination than any one else there. That his voice will be thrown in favor of whatever nomination seems most likely to restore the régime in which he was the leading figure from 1868 to 1876, there can, of course, be no doubt, and, should he have his way, the Republican party would be committed to the very men and principles and methods which frittered away the majority of 1872 so rapidly that by 1874 the Democrats had possession of the House of Representatives, and probably elected their President two years later. It is difficult, in fact, to understand the mental processes of a person who attaches great importance to the continued possession of power by the Republicans, and yet is willing to vote so as to strengthen Mr. Conkling's hands in the Convention of 1880.

The alternative is plain enough. Every Republican voter can indicate his continued confidence in the party, and his continued determination to adhere to it, and can thus make the election tell as he desires it to tell on the Presidential contest of next year, by voting the whole ticket except Cornell and Soule, the Canal Engineer. These two men stand for Conkling and the Machine, and electoral jobbery, and the perversion of the public service to personal and partisan purposes, and for nothing else. To scratch them both, while voting the others, would indicate hostility to these things, and nothing else. If they run behind their ticket it will indicate that Mr. Conkling does not control the Republican vote of this State, and cannot use it in making bargains at the Convention next year, and nothing else. If, in consequence of Cornell's running behind his ticket, Governor Robinson is re-elected, there will be no harm done. If he is the only man on the Democratic ticket who is elected, the lesson of the result will be too obvious for Tilden to gain anything by it, even if it be true that Robinson is Tilden's man. Whether he is or not we do not pretend to know. In any case, he has been on the whole a very good governor. We know of no cor-

rupt or hasty or crude legislation which he has not opposed. He has opposed also many good things, it is true; but we believe in every case through the prejudice, or ignorance, or narrow-mindedness of a country lawyer of but a limited range of experience, and not through the too common politician's motive in opposing anything—a desire to make terms with its supporters. There could hardly be a higher tribute to his integrity than the fact that the Tammany faction is ready to bolt sooner than accept him. We may take it as an axiom of New York politics that Tammany would not need to bolt the nomination of a corrupt man. If Kelly and his followers understand any art it is the art of bargaining, and they must have found Robinson a man of extraordinary virtue before resorting to the desperate course of leaving the Convention. We may add that the reasons they openly assign for disliking him—such as his removals in New York City—must, in the eyes of all honest men, reflect the highest credit on him. It is possible that these removals were “Tilden moves”—there is no social or political phenomenon to which a Tildenite origin is not nowadays ascribed—but it is certain that most of them were removals eminently fit to be made. Finally, let us add that the belief that Kelly has, or will have, a secret understanding with the Conklingite Republicans is more than a suspicion, and does no injustice to either side. In fact, the Conklingite managers would probably be amused by the innocence which could see anything wrong in an alliance with Tammany Hall and the very dregs of the Democratic party, in this terrible year, when that party entertain so many “partisan purposes,” “revolutionary methods,” “disturbing measures,” and “dangerous designs.”

THE LATEST PHASE OF THE ENGLISH LAND CRISIS

THE discussion of the land question in England is gradually making the problem very clear. A very important contribution to the solution of it, and one which has evidently produced a good deal of impression on the public mind, has been made within a fortnight by the publication of the experience of a gentleman named Prout, farming his own land, who has actually during all these bad years been making fifteen per cent. on his annual outlay off a naturally poor soil, and one peculiarly unfitted to bear the recent wet weather. He has sent his accounts to the *Times*, and if they be correct, as there is no reason to doubt, what the farmers have to ask for becomes plain enough. Mr. Prout charges himself rent in the shape of $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. on the price of the farm, or fully $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. more than landlords get on the value of estates bought within the last thirty or forty years. He charges himself, too, with 5 per cent. on money expended in improvements which the landlord customarily makes, and the same on money expended in improvements which the tenant usually makes. In fact, he leaves out no item of expense to which the farmer is exposed, except the living of the farmer's family. The land cost him \$50,000, and his average annual outlay during the last thirteen years was \$18,540; his average annual income \$21,540, leaving a profit of \$3,000. This would give the farmer a very comfortable income after paying a higher rent than landlords usually receive, and during seasons which most English farmers have found ruinously bad, and off heavy land. Moreover, his crops for this year are up to the average.

This seems a very encouraging showing, but when we look into the details we find no comfort in them whatever for the present race of landlords. Mr. Prout has not only enjoyed what no English tenant-farmer enjoys, complete liberty as to his methods of tillage, but he has violated nearly all the rules which English landlords are in the habit of imposing on their tenants to prevent the deterioration of the soil. Not only does he sell off every thing the farm produces, which is considered in English agriculture an outrageous proceeding, and buy all his manures, but he totally disregards all the established usages regarding the rotation of crops, by raising wheat, oats, and barley year after year in steady succession off the same fields. These are things which no English landlord now permits. In other words, Mr. Prout treats his farm as a manufacturer treats his mill.

He manages it just as he pleases, makes whatever experiments he thinks best, and in spending his money looks not to this year or next year simply for his profits, but to a series of years, and takes no advice from anybody whom he does not himself select as a counsellor.

Farming, as ordinarily carried on by tenants, is something very different. The farmer is for the most part a tenant at will, and therefore compelled to conduct his business under a system of rules laid down by the landlord, who does not share any of the risks—that is, expects to get his rent, whether the crop turns out well or ill. In cases where the farmer has a lease, the rules of agriculture adopted by the landlord are inserted in the lease, and violation of them would involve a forfeiture, and any relaxation of them is the result of the landlord's generosity. Moreover, the landlord also reserves the right to keep wild animals, in the shape of rabbits, hares, partridges, and pheasants, which are to be permitted to prey on the farmer's crops, and if he makes any allowance in the rent for the damage they do, it is also the result of his generosity. Added to these purely material drawbacks on agriculture as a business is the custom which makes the farmer, *ex-officio* as it were, the social inferior of the landlord. This is one of the survivals of feudalism, and is a very curious feature in the English land question. It would be considered very ridiculous if the landlord in the city were to treat anybody who hired a house of him as unfit to associate with him on terms of equality; but it is considered the most natural thing in the world for a tenant-farmer to acknowledge the superiority of his landlord, though the latter may himself have made the money with which he has bought the estate by selling blacking. It is needless to say that if manufacturing industry had to be carried on under these burdens and restrictions, English manufactures could never have assumed their present enormous proportions. If mill-owners in the cotton and woollen trades had been compelled to conduct their business under rules laid down by the Government, as in France under Colbert, or by the makers of machinery, or by the cotton-growers, and had been compelled by contract to allow pigs and goats free access to their works at all hours of the day and night, we should never have heard of England's industrial supremacy.

The probabilities are, therefore, that long before the Royal Commission has made its report, public opinion will have been fully formed as to the nature of the changes which will not simply be made, but which will take place, in English agriculture. One of these changes has already begun and is in full progress—viz., a heavy fall in the value of land. An estate which five years ago brought £150,000 has recently been offered at \$110,000 without bidders. Though this rapid decline probably is somewhat the result of panic, yet there can be little question that the price hereafter will seldom go beyond the point at which the purchase money will yield five per cent., which of course points to an enormous permanent depreciation—fully one-half from the value five years ago. It is as yet only the difficulty of letting farms and getting rents that is telling on the price; the loss of the land-owner's political and social weight has still to be felt, and that will come more gradually as the lesson of Mr. Prout's success becomes plainer. That lesson is that the principles of free-trade must be applied to farming as well as to every other business, and the landholder resign himself to the condition of the owner of ground-rents on ninety-nine years' leases in London; that is, the condition of a man owning a rent charge, but having little or nothing to say as to the manner in which the premises are made to produce his due. This means, of course, considerable impoverishment of the landlord class, and the loss by landholding of all social prestige. Some estates will be let without difficulty in large farms to capitalists, as water-power is, to be used in their own way; some the owner of the fee will try to farm himself, probably in a large number of cases unsuccessfully, partly owing to the want of capital and partly to the want of business capacity. Many others, probably the larger number, must fall into the hands of farmers of from fifty to one hundred acres, doing most of their own labor, like those in Saxony and Prussia whom Mr. Barham Zincke has recently described, and either holding in fee or under

leases tantamount to perpetuity. For there is no sort of doubt that a heavy fall in the value of land, and greatly reduced rentals, will make imperatively necessary the adoption of some such measure of relief as the Irish Encumbered Estates Act, which was enacted after 1847. Most estates are now heavily encumbered by mortgages or by charges under wills and marriage settlements, which the owner will hereafter be unable to meet, and from which he must extricate himself somehow, and he can only do so by obtaining legislative authority to sell the property, and to give a "parliamentary title" to the purchaser. This will throw a great deal of land on the market, but with this difference: that when the Irish Encumbered Estates Court began to operate, land was considered the best sort of investment by everybody who had money in hand, whether he knew anything about farming or not, whereas whenever the English Estates Court begins to operate, land will probably have lost a large part of its attraction as an investment to everybody but working farmers.

BERGAMO.

MILAN, September 2, 1879.

I HAD passed several times on the railway line between Milan and Venice, and looked with envy at the beautiful site of Bergamo, standing on an outlying hill at the foot of the branches of the Alps which give shelter to the lakes of Lecco and Iseo. A visit to Bergamo is not often undertaken, and, so near Milan, the place is seldom visited by travellers. It is only a minor star among so many of the first magnitude which attract the foreigner. I found time, however, yesterday to pay a visit to Bergamo. I left Milan in the early morning; the weather was intensely hot even at six o'clock, and when the train left me at the station I had to ascend the hill on the top of which is built the old city. This old city was for me the chief attraction; it is now fallen from its old glory; it has ceased to be one of the defences of Italy, one of the great centres of communal life of Lombardy. A new city long ago sprang up at the foot of the hill, and now extends in every direction—four or five *borgos* spread over the plain, intersected by rivers and canals, and covered with green trees and fields. I went up the hill on foot by one of those Italian lanes which have been so admirably described by Manzoni in his 'Promessi Sposi,' following at a distance a Dominican monk and a girl who wore on her head, as all women here do, a light lace veil falling on the shoulders. This veil, with a fan, was her only protection against the sun and the heat. I found it somewhat difficult to sustain the reputation of my countrymen, for you must know that in Spain there is a proverb which says that at twelve o'clock noon you can see nothing in the streets but dogs and Frenchmen. It was not twelve, it was only eight o'clock in the morning, but the sun was already so hot that a veil of light vapor caused by the heat was beginning to cover the great Lombard plain; the canals, the rivers were steaming; the elegant campanili were emerging in every direction from what seemed a forest of mulberry-trees, of poplars, and from the great fields of Indian corn.

After a long ascent on the pebbled little road, beside walls covered with flowers, I found myself in one of those dark Italian streets which show only two great walls of stone, with a few openings, solemn *portoni* and small windows. This street led me directly to what I recognized at once as the centre of old Bergamo. As usual, I had taken no guide-book, for I like nothing so much as a voyage of discovery, and I find most guide-books intensely stupid. But could there be any doubt? Every Italian town has a centre of life, a heart where at certain hours all the life of the city goes on. It is invariably a place surrounded by monuments. I took a seat on the chair of a little café and began my first inspection. The Piazza was called Piazza Garibaldi, but this did not signify anything, as the Italians have filled all their cities with new names, so that you find everywhere a Street or a Place "dell'Indipendenza," a "Via Cavour," a "Via Vittorio Emanuele," a "Via Garibaldi," "Principe Umberto," etc., etc. The Piazza Garibaldi of Bergamo was till 1862 the Piazza Vecchia; so I was informed by a little hunchbacked bookseller with whom I conversed, and a bookseller of Bergamo must be expected to know something of the history of the city. This Piazza has all the characteristics of a communal centre; on one side is the old City Hall, a huge palace supported, so to speak, only by gigantic pillars and by four columns. This construction rests entirely on vaults, and under the vaults is an immense shady place where the citizens can talk and meet; it is what we should call "la salle des pas per-

dus." The citizens can in a moment pass from the open place to the shady place, and if they go out of this in another direction they find themselves on a small place in front of the ancient Basilica and of the famous chapel built by the Condottiere Coleoni, who was a native of Bergamo. On one side of the City Hall is the indispensable tower, with the bells and the clock.

Here you have at a glance all the elements of public, of civil, of religious life in the Middle Ages and under the Renaissance. All the streets of the city, dark, narrow passages, mount like veins to this real heart of the city. During most of the day the inhabitants live concealed in their houses. Very few creep along the shady parts of the town, and only when they are forced by their avocations. At certain hours the population emerges, and then the Piazza now called Garibaldi becomes the scene of gregarious life such as can only be well seen in Italy. As I sat musing on this place, looking at its elegant fountain, whose iron chains are held alternately by lions and by serpents, twined round a tree; as I saw under the vaults of the City Hall and behind its pillars and columns the red and rosy tints of the old marbles of the door of the Basilica, the mosaic in marble of the Cappella Coleoni, which is close by this door, I could fancy in imagination all sorts of scenes—fine processions, pageants of every description. I could see the Coleoni returning from Venice after one of his expeditions, and greeted by his friends; I fancied that that beautiful eagle so well carved on the front of the City Hall was a trace of the old Ghibelline propensities of Bergamo. From the great window, which is the centre of the City Hall and is as large as the famous window of the Palace of the Doges at Venice, many a leader addressed the populace assembled on the Piazza, as the Doge spoke to the people. How often did the men who kept the watch on the top of the gigantic tower announce the arrival of enemies, either from the plains of Lombardy or from the mountains' side! Some imagination, to be sure, is required in order to reconstruct the past—some knowledge, also; but the first impressions of imagination have a peculiar charm, and it is seldom that they are not in harmony with facts. What if in gilded letters you see now printed on the City Hall "Biblioteca pubblica"? It is quite clear that this building was not intended for a library. It was built at the very beginning of the Middle Ages. It was burnt in 1513, and reconstructed, but its Renaissance look is an illusion; and even under the Renaissance it was the centre of the Commune. The great tower which flanks it was built in the thirteenth century. It is the second tower of Bergamo, as there is another, not far distant, called Torre di Gombito, which was built in the twelfth century.

The old Basilica was built in the Roman, which is sometimes called the Lombard, style—a style which you will find in its perfection at Verona, in San Zenone and other churches. It is, to my mind, an admirable style—so rational, combining strength with severity, and allowing, nevertheless, any amount of decoration. The Basilica is really the *house* of God; it has the same elements as a house, only it is a house fit, like the Roman basilicas, for an immense number of people. The Basilica of San Palermo was built in the twelfth century; in modern times it has been as much altered as it could well be. In the inside you will find what I call a Jesuit church—an immense accumulation of marbles, of columns, of pilasters, of altars; everything shines, everything is brilliant. There are here and there fine details; the original design of the church is completely lost. I do not dislike this gorgeous style in itself; I think it well adapted to the Italian character, to the Italian climate. Only it is a great pity when the inside and outside of a monument are no longer in harmony, and the old Lombard Basilica was never made to receive all you will now find in it. The sole remnant of the past is an extraordinary porch in the style of the porch of San Zenone, with columns supported by lions, and with an immense figure over the porch of a mounted warrior, lance in hand.

The Cappella Coleoni is a little jewel; it is placed like a toy beside the great Basilica, and is altogether in a different style—in the best style of the Renaissance sculpture. It reminds you at once of the famous Certosa of Pavia. But here the work of restoration, which is now attempted all over Italy, has not been very fortunate. There is, indeed, a very unfortunate artistic dissonance between the parts which are undoubtedly old and the parts which have been remade. Nothing can equal the charm, the delicacy, the gentle flexibility, if I might say so, of the marble carved by the order and at the expense of Coleoni. The modern parts seem too dry; they have a certain *préciosité*, to use a French word, without having any real artistic merit. The tomb of the famous captain of Bergamo is inside; he is placed on it, on horseback; horse and warrior are entirely gilt. This equestrian statue is not without merit, though it cannot com-

pare with the famous Coleoni of Venice, which is one of the great wonders of a place so full of wonders. The *custodi* are very proud of some little details of the Cappella Coleoni, which I do not think are worth looking at. They will show you also with great pleasure the modern marble statue of Music dedicated to Donizetti, and placed with his tomb in the Basilica. It is a statue which is hardly fit for Père Lachaise.

After my inspection of the sleepy old city of Bergamo I went down again towards the plain, in order to pay a visit to the Museum, which has unfortunately been placed in the lower city. I never saw people more astonished than the *custodi* of this Museum when I arrived. They were asleep, and did not seem to have seen a stranger for many a day. They would force me to admire some small masters of Bergamo; my admiration was wholly given to a picture of Mantegna's, a Virgin Mary and Child, which is considered a perfect gem; but a picture which would adorn the National Gallery or the Louvre is lost in Bergamo. I never felt so much as before this little *quadro* that Mantegna was one of the stars of the first magnitude among the painters of the world. I spent the evening in the lower city, dined in the court of the "Capello d'Auro" among good farmers and their wives, who had come for the great annual fair at Bergamo. What a noise! what screaming, and shouting, and singing, and drinking! It was an amusing sight; and meanwhile slept quietly on the crest of its hill, under the rays of the full moon, old Bergamo, with its quiet streets, its churches and towers.

HERMANN LOTZE.

BERLIN, August, 1879.

IF we compare the influence of the idealistic philosophy of Germany with that of Puritanism in America, Kant with Edwards, and the systems of Fichte and Hegel with Methodism, Presbyterianism, etc., we shall get a fair and not very extravagant idea not only of the moulding power of speculation on the Teutonic mind in the past, but of the difficulty yet rapidly with which these influences are now being cast off. Professor Lotze stands in some sense between the new and old order of intellectual things in Germany, where he is by far the most revered and influential of living teachers of philosophy. Thirty-five years ago, when he settled in little, old-fashioned Göttingen, where he still remains, despite attractive calls to larger universities, leading a life almost as uneventful as that of Kant, he was an authority in at least three of the medical sciences, and now there are very few intellectual men under forty-five who have not been influenced by his writings. He has a veritable genius for the quiet enjoyment of art and nature. He never quotes, never indulges in polemics. His mental assimilation is so perfect that there is no trace of cram in his pages, but the professor is sunk in the academician—in a word, he is now one of the noblest living humanists as contrasted with the speculist, on the one hand, and with the eclectic, who holds that all is done and that the thinker has only to pick, on the other. His opinions are among the sanest and healthiest in the history of philosophy since Aristotle. Few men have enjoyed in a higher degree the supreme intellectual luxury of giving an all-sided and free expression to their personality. His philosophy is his daily inner and outer life. He never indoctrinates, but holds that the deepest motive of philosophizing is to utter and share humanities, doubts, and ignorances with others. This is the deepest bond of sympathy between man and man. His pupils are not made disciples, but confirmed and strengthened in their own natural individual positions, which he is sure to enrich by a wealth of suggestions and *aperçus*, so that rational reflection becomes thereafter the most satisfactory instead of, as it is too often, the most unsettling and weakening of intellectual pursuits. Philosophy, he holds, is not a system but a developed intellectual character, and hence entirely valid only for the one who evolves it.

I do not purpose to epitomize his opinions in detail, but to show briefly that the 'System of Philosophy' which he began two years ago, the second and recent volume of which I have just perused with pain, by no means represents the Lotze whom I, with so many American students, have been wont to revere and love. The mechanical view of nature regards her invariable laws as universal, the world as an extremely complex and as yet imperfectly understood machine, and even men as automata. It asserts that there is no chaos and no real freedom, and holds that to obtain clear mental pictures, making thought the surrogate of sense, and mathematical formulæ of relations in time and space the highest science, is the end of all thinking. Even virtue has become mechanical, regulated by artificial moral laws which regard certain specific acts as everywhere and at all times right or wrong. Trade has become an

immense engine which is nowhere understood and still less controlled. The modern festival is the industrial exposition. Business, that monstrous creation of modern life, has usurped, specialized, and degraded, if not destroyed, honest, independent man-making work. Teaching addresses mainly the eye with charts, curves, and apparatus. Even religion and the Church, says Lotze, are mechanized. The Church belief is a creed, its duties formal; its evidences are historical, external, or at best syllogistic, and Christian teachers favor these tendencies, and refuse to see that their cause is one with the ideal philosophy. This to him is the saddest aspect of modern times. Opposition to this view has become the ground-motive of all Lotze's philosophizing, and as his early advocacy of it has given his former materialistic friends occasion to charge him with apostasy, so the concessions he now makes to it will surprise, and perhaps at first disconcert, many English readers who have heard him quoted as a great champion of religion against science by the Rev. Joseph Cook, for instance.

Atoms, he says, need not be simple or unextended. It is enough that they are hypersensuous. Perhaps, although the most subtle and primitive of all things, even they have their periods, and are circuiting back to an earlier condition. Indeed, they may have already had thousands of changes and conditions, so that we do not eternalize memory by making it inherent in them. Thus, the ground of all life is chemical change unmodified and uncontrolled by any vital force. The only possible definite conception or mental picture we can form of ourselves is as an eddy or whirlpool in the straight current of natural forces. As the waves made the reef which causes them, so they will wear it away. This, the mechanical view of things, he says, is absolutely universal in extent but everywhere secondary in importance. The *Gemüth* has other needs, and, according as they are unanswered, men fall into pessimism. The world of forms and means should be subordinate to the world of worths and ends, which latter alone are "really real." There is a realism of conscience, he says, where ideals are actual without their instrumentalities, where supreme happiness exists without being bound to its conditions, and where intuitions of truth do not depend upon either their logical or their causal connections. The universe is all miracle and poetry, it is lawful and prosaic only to a one-sided apprehension. In his new logic he asserts that there is a final synthetic truth, not merely actual but self-evident, not merely logical but aesthetic, proved by the absurdity of the opposite and not by the impossibility of thinking it. Logical progress is henceforth to consist not in the formulation of new laws of thought, but in increasing knowledge of what is presupposed as the highest self-evolving principle. Its content is pure being—beauty, goodness, personality, etc. The so-called laws of association are but a weird and casual reconstruction of this universe, broken up by the weakness and finiteness of ordinary consciousness into glimpses. The soul must have or make objective expressions for its own needs and nature, and these will be superstitions just so far as the world of understanding is insufficient for such expression. The supreme postulate of logic, according to Lotze, is some one major premise for all its conclusions, which expresses the movement of the collective cosmos. This bottom principle is nowhere defined, and is, in fact, undefinable, but is best described as teleological. Theological philosophy thought it was giving to this supreme principle, which is more than can yet be called thought, an honorable elucidation by raising it out of the dimness of being clung to by the whole soul to the dignity of an objective notion, calling it God and analyzing it into attributes, and making it the hero of a creative drama, etc. This he regards as idolatrous. Thus, in his unprinted lectures on religious philosophy he has little or nothing to say of Christianity, partly, as he lately told the writer, because so many of his hearers were Jews, but principally, no doubt, because he regards it as a special and chiefly practical solution of the more general problems which underlie all religions and philosophy alike.

No system, however, is perfect, and I believe Lotze's to have several minor and one fundamental error. Instead of urging that philosophy is at best the expression of personal opinion, and can never have anything like authority over others, as at first, the tone of his later work is often assumptive, even dogmatic. In all, feeling, "which more than knowledge expresses the true nature of *Geist*," is made as much the organ of a transcendental world as Fichte's practical ego. Lotze's mind is essentially poetic, and yet he remains strangely insensible to the new and incomparable sources of poetic inspiration which modern science has opened to the world. Much as he adds to the noble enjoyment which those who read him will know how to extract from life, the line cannot be drawn too hard and fast between speculations like Lotze's and a truly scientific philosophy. The world of law is to him like the old dispensation, to be

superseded, not entirely without a break in the development, by a new. He refuses to trust science to work out its own salvation. He is the noblest of modern sentimentalists. His demands upon the world for individual æsthetic enjoyment are exorbitant and almost unparalleled. It never occurs to his refined and subtle hedonism that man's right to happiness at all is as yet quite assumptive. I deem this position in its practical effects scarcely less than immoral and socialistic. We are in the world to work. It costs hard labor of muscle or brain to live, rear a family, be respectable, and provide for decent burial; and what right has this philosopher, idly perched upon his twig, to talk with such moving, maddening pathos about a world of "worths and goods to be purely and passively enjoyed," when his own department was never more hopeful and in such crying need of self-sacrificing toil as now? We want to push on the psycho-physic studies which Fechner has begun and left in the most interesting and suggestive stage of incompleteness; to carry on the analysis of æsthetic sensation of the Helmholtz school; to determine how far physiological psychology can justify new or old methods, critical judgments of art, etc.; to advance investigations respecting the structure and functions of nervous tracts and centres; to know more about the senses, the muscles, and the will, the origin of man and the unfolding of his faculties, in the hope of learning something more thereby of the validity of human experience, the scope, laws, and limits of knowledge, and, above all, of the methods of education, and of the nature and forms of duty. That, with his fitting scientific training, early bias, and rare psychological acumen, Lotze has contributed almost nothing since the 'Medical Psychology' to the solution of any of these questions, I am sometimes tempted to consider as no less than reprehensible; for, great good as he has done, he might, with his rare gifts, have done far more had he not been led away by the sirens of æsthetic optimism to reverie and pensive quietism. If the universe is composed of personal spirits, with "free inner spontaneity" consenting to be harnessed into mechanism in order to realize and unfold in corporeal form the beauty and goodness of the eternal idea, and if "personality can never become an intellectual problem to persons," then the whole psychological tendency of recent natural, and even physical, science is simply the greatest illusion of modern culture.

Correspondence.

THE HONEST MONEY LEAGUE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your last number the announcement is made that the Honest Money League distribute gratuitously its pamphlet on the "Contraction of the Currency." This is not quite correct. The Honest Money League has given away many pamphlets, but its policy has been to sell its publications at about cost. Last year it fixed its prices for single copies as near to cost as possible, giving itself, commonly, the advantage of any fraction of a cent which might appear in the result of the calculation. It then paid its own postage. This year it has raised the prices of single copies to include postage, but the prices of quantities have remained barely covering cost, and such quantities are sent by express, charges not prepaid. The practice, however, has always been to give away pamphlets where there was good reason to believe that such gifts would be valued and properly used.

The League, however, just now has but a small stock of its publications on hand. In the opinion of those most active in its organization and management, the object of its existence is nearly accomplished. The advocates of dishonest money are everywhere discouraged. It is plain that the American people cannot be successfully marshalled to demand an irredeemable currency or a debased coinage. We look to see the coming election in Ohio effectually demonstrate this fact, and we expect the numerous demagogues who have championed these errors to acknowledge, in practice if not in words, that the coming prosperity and the common sense of the people have effectually killed and buried their favorite issues.

If our hopes in this regard are realized, the Honest Money League will have no further excuse for being. It has done an important work. The influence which its publications have exerted has, without doubt, been considerable. Of its own publications, all of which have been pamphlets, well printed on good paper and fit for preservation, there have been distributed more than 200,000 copies. But it has supplied the matter for more than 1,000,000 tracts, printed and circulated by campaign committees. The New York *Tribune* reprinted one of its pam-

phlets and circulated it as a "*Tribune Extra*," and many other newspapers throughout the country have made a similar use of its material. In nearly every case where its publications have been so used, no credit has been given to the League. Political speakers throughout the country, advocating resumption and redeemable currency, have used our pamphlets as text-books. The editors of weekly papers, far and wide, administered to the eager appetites of their readers numberless able leading articles taken bodily from these pamphlets, to the great gain of the readers and the great relief of the editors. In fact, the publication business carried on by the Honest Money League has exerted a wide and effective influence. In addition to this it has been instrumental in frequently furnishing speakers and in the holding of many public meetings.

But it is especially of its publication business which I wish to speak here, for I intend to point this communication with a suggestion which will explain this otherwise inexcusable account of details. Ought not a society similar to the Honest Money League to be organized for the education of the people on the economic questions which are likely to be of political interest? A society, supported for the most part by voluntary contributions or by membership fees, which would offer to the people at cost price carefully-prepared and plainly-written explanations of important subjects would be of immense advantage. There is a demand for literature of this sort which cannot be supplied by regular publishers or by newspapers. The Honest Money League has proved this, and has marked out a path which others may think worth following.

M. L. SCUDDER, JR.

CHICAGO, Sept. 10, 1879.

CIVILIANS AND THE ARMY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Permit me to submit a few remarks upon your editorial paragraphs on Army appointments in No. 736 of the *Nation*. Our experience with promotions from the ranks has not, up to the present time, been encouraging. They have not, as a class, made the best officers. The objection to them has not been so much that they came from the ranks, as that they came from abroad; and not so much that they were foreigners, as that they were, in many instances, uneducated foreigners, and, to use the phrase commonly applied to them, "as self-assertive as the devil." It is this self-assertion rather than any inherent fault that has induced quite a marked antagonism to the class. Where an American is promoted from the ranks that fact is soon forgotten, but this is not true of a foreigner. There should be many different sorts of men in an army, and it is well to have a certain proportion of the rough and ready. Yet, not to mince matters, we find that men of the best families make the best officers. Why? The best society, not the richest or the most pretentious, but really the best, is made by a process of exclusion. In time the fools, knaves, pretenders, and bores are excluded. The older the society the more effectual the process. A college course is also a winnowing process, and army life in some regiments is a fiery ordeal. The drunkard, the libertine, the gambler, and the drone are sure to come to grief. Of course it is a great advantage to an army to have its lower grades filled by young fellows whose standing at home proves that they are none of these.

We are trying to get a better class of men, and we are succeeding very well. Six out of seven recruits are now of native birth, and many of them are very intelligent men. Nevertheless, only a small proportion of them are the kind of men that will make good officers. Yet no matter how small the proportion, it is only fair that they should have the first chance for promotion. We all favor that, while we believe in making a close scrutiny into their characters. Scholarship is only one qualification in an officer. Moral force is a greater one.

It is true, as you say, that the orderly sergeants can instruct newly-appointed civilian youths in their duties. It is only for a time, however, that the man who has learned by rote can instruct the scholar. As a rule the old sergeants go to a certain point and stop, but you can place no limit to the attainment of a man who comes from what Dr. Holmes calls the Brahmin class.

There is great diversity of opinion as to the advisability of commissioning officers' sons. Some will tell you that for gentlemanly malingers they would commend you to the young fellows who are raised in a camp; that they have, from their salad days, all the tricks of old soldiers. Others assert that there is a hereditary capacity for command, as for other work.

You are very incorrect in your assertion "that the orderly sergeants perform virtually all the official work beyond certain signatures and parade posturings." Some company officers may begin with this kind of

shirking, but after getting their pay stopped once or twice for inaccuracies in their accounts, even the laziest men will be driven to keeping their own. It is the misfortune of the Army that civilians see only its parades, and know but little of its work.

A.

August 15, 1879.

[The best friends of the Army will not lay too much stress just now on the "Brahmin class" if they are anxious to avoid giving a handle to its enemies. Our correspondent admits what we have been contending for when he says that six out of seven recruits are now of native birth and not lacking in intelligence. But this has been measurably true for some time past, and yet the fact is not borne out by the recommendations and examinations for promotion. The sergeants are often much more than mere learners by rote, and it is by no means certain that the new appointees are "scholars." Our correspondent is doubtless familiar with the military adage that a company is better off with a good orderly and a bad captain than *vice versa*.—ED. NATION.]

THE MAINE ELECTION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The Maine Republicans have played rather worse than a drawn game, although accident gives it the semblance of a victory. There is to be a Republican governor in January in spite of an anti-Republican majority in September, because the Republican vote happens to be so distributed among the towns and counties as to elect a majority of both branches of the Legislature, upon which the choice of governor will devolve. This result is pure luck, and cannot safely be counted on again. An anti-Republican popular majority next year would probably secure an anti-Republican Legislature, governor, and State officers and United States Senator, as it certainly would, if united, secure anti-Republican electors. The accidental allotment of votes this year is no credit and no reproach to anybody, and its ascription to the superhuman adroitness of the chief politician of Maine is as obsequious and absurd as it would be to give him credit for the two full moons in August. A similar streak of luck gave Senator Douglas the Illinois Legislature in the memorable canvass of 1858, although Abraham Lincoln obtained several thousand majority of the popular vote.

Viewed independently, the Maine election is a Republican defeat and tends toward discouragement. Its inspiration is derived solely by contrasting the vote of 1879 with that of 1878. Had Maine given its average Republican majority of 13,000 last year, the loss of the State even by a few hundred votes this fall would have been regarded as a portentous catastrophe. It is the reduction of last year's anti-Republican majority from more than 13,000 to less than one thousand which seems to mark a turn of the tide, and kindles the hope that another year may restore Maine to the rank of a Republican State.

But the future is beset with dangers which it is the part of folly to deny or conceal. Perhaps the greatest peril is the fact of our partial success. The prospect of an accidental repossession of the visible and tangible fruits of victory, the insignia of office, the lictors, the fasces, and the curule-chair, is of itself enough to turn the heads of our lighter politicians, who, in the intoxication of this questionable success, are sure to put on airs which had become almost insufferable even in the days of old-fashioned majorities. Already the Maine Bourbons, incorrigible by the sharp discipline of the past year, have begun where they left off last September, and, with oriental servility, ascribing what they call victory not to the people nor yet to the rank and file of the party, but to some of their leaders, are calling upon independent Republicans to bow the knee while those sycophants shout, "These be thy gods, O Israel!" Such blind guides evidently do not yet comprehend that those idols which are again set up for Maine worship are the same that led the party into the Waterloo defeat of 1878, and that nothing but the dread of their restoration to despotic power could have prevented a thorough redemption of the State this year.

Widespread discontent with the management and managers of the Republican party rather than confidence in the transparent sophistries of Greenbackers wrought the revolution of last September. For years thousands of the best men in the party would, like ex-Governor Chamberlain, have been "glad to see a combination of men with an issue that they could sustain, for the purpose of overthrowing the men who control our State politics." The dilemma presented to them by their political mas-

ters has been to turn the State over to the Opposition, or to continue to grace the triumphal car of men whose principles and methods they detest—to minister to a personal ambition which knows no scruples and no bounds. Last year more than ten thousand Republicans forgot the wise conclusion of the meditative Dane, and, unwilling longer to bear the ills they had, illogically fled to others that they knew not of. This year a part of them have patriotically sacrificed their feelings to their sense of duty, while thousands of others who voted the Republican ticket last year under protest have done so again this fall because, like the ex-governor, they "could not go so far as to endorse the heresies of flat-money and communism, even if the result would bring about the purification so much needed."

The causeless and suicidal warfare waged by the Maine political leaders in the name of the party against its national head during the first eighteen months of the Administration was so abruptly silenced by the shock of last year's election that we are not likely to witness its open revival. The same politicians who had bull-dozed two State Conventions into an apparent sympathy with their own quarrel, wilfully risking the party's ruin for the furtherance of their personal schemes, hastened last June, with superserviceable zeal, to endorse that President whom they had spent a year and a half in belittling, annoying, and embarrassing at one of the most critical periods of the national history. But the assertion of the one-man power, the bane of recent Maine politics, has experienced no abatement. Direct assault upon the President and Cabinet has given place to a guerilla attack upon their friends and supporters, seeking to ostracize every independent Republican. Thanks to this perpetual and ubiquitous manipulation, Maine still bears too close a resemblance to Rome at that epoch in her history when *Cassius* asked *Brutus*—

"When could they say, till now, that talked of Rome,
That her wide walls encompassed but one man?"

A party still in the minority cannot afford to lose the active aid of its independent members, a body of men whose numbers are underestimated, and whose sincerity and consistency will not suffer in comparison with the anti-Administration wing of the organization.

The late campaign was waged mainly upon the financial issue, and its qualified success precipitates the solution of some serious questions. The shibboleth of the platform and stereotyped phrases of orators will require interpretation. Maine is said to have sustained "resumption" and to have insisted on "honest money for the people." Which kind of "honest money"? "Coin," or greenbacks made equal with coin? If "coin," is it to be gold or silver? If silver, is it the Bland dollar of 412½ grains or the Blaine dollar of 425? The 86-cent dollar or the 89 cent? What sort of resumption? The Senator Hamlin and ex-Secretary Morrill kind, or the other Senator's variety? Do the coming Governor and the new Legislature represent a resumption which consists in the payment of every greenback in gold and its cancellation as fast as it is presented, or that more modern species of resumption which means its temporary redemption in 86 cent silver dollars and its immediate re-issue at the opposite counter, while duties are paid wholly or partly in paper? Maine Republicanism must be prepared to meet the practical test which success imposes, and to define its definitions, just as the opposition fusionists would have been called upon to do if they had prevailed. When the definition is given somebody is liable to be surprised, if not disappointed, and the result may be decisive in 1880. If it should be found that the divergences between the different Republican statesmen of Maine have been and still are as wide as, or even wider than, the gulf which separates some of them from "the Greenback heresy," it may become vitally important to know, and to know early, which school of political financiers is to be the exponent of our creed next year.

That a political effort of unprecedented severity has been able but imperfectly to retrieve the disaster of 1878, and has failed even to command a popular majority, is a fact of deep significance, for it is more than doubtful if the effort can be repeated. Even if the means and the speakers were obtainable, it would not be easy to rekindle the same public interest within a twelvemonth. It would be too much like Mr. Lincoln's powder which had been blasted before and would not go off. But they will not be obtainable. Too many other more important elections will next year demand each its share of attention and labor, the whole of which Maine has this year so largely monopolized; and the exigencies of a Presidential election will doubtless impart to our opponents in 1880 a vigor which has been signally deficient during the recent campaign. Much has been accomplished, but the State has not yet been redeemed, save in name. To the intolerable pressure of personal government within the party far more than to any financial delusion, Maine is indebted for

the humiliation of 1878, and a just apprehension of its return has prevented an overwhelming triumph in 1879; it is able to bring defeat in 1880. Extreme prudence on the part of the managers can carry the State next year; a very small percentage of the mismanagement and insolence of 1877 and 1878 is sure to leave it where it still is—beneath the burden of an anti-Republican majority.

The election affords rational ground for hope, and is a loud call to renewed effort and a purification of the party; but it offers no excuse for glorification or adulation, least of all for arrogance, recklessness, presumption or personal Presidential capital. X.

PORTLAND, September 15, 1879.

Notes.

WE print elsewhere a letter in regard to the pamphlet publications of the Honest Money League, a list of which may be acceptable to some of our readers: (1) 'Honest Money,' an argument in favor of a redeemable currency, by Thos. M. Nichol, Secretary of the League; (2) 'Address on the Currency,' by John Johnston, of Milwaukee; (3) 'Extracts from some of the Communistic, Inflammatory, and Treasonable Documents circulated by the National Greenback Party'; (4) 'Contraction of the Currency,' by C. K. Backus, editor of the *Detroit Post and Tribune*; (5) 'Suspension and Resumption of Specie Payments,' by Gen. J. A. Garfield; (6) 'National Banking,' by M. L. Seudder, Jr., Chairman of the League's Executive Committee; and (7) 'Bi-metallism,' Mr. McCulloch's Harvard lecture of May 8, 1879.—A history of the art of printing and of the book-trade in Leipzig during four centuries has just been published in that city, and abounds in interesting information ('Die Druckkunst und der Buchhandel in Leipzig durch vier Jahrhunderte'). The author is Karl B. Lorek.—We mentioned some time ago a few extracts from General Moltke's journal during his stay in Rome in 1845, which appeared for the first time in the March and April numbers of the *Deutsche Rundschau*. This journal, together with some letters of the great soldier's from Spain and France, now also printed for the first time, have been published in a very handsome volume (Berlin: Paetel). The letters from Spain, which Moltke crossed from Gibraltar to the French frontier, are particularly brilliant, and give a graphic account of that interesting country. The letters from Paris are dated December, 1856, when Moltke accompanied the present Crown-Prince of Germany on his visit to the Imperial Court of France.—The *Monde Illustré* of August 16 is wholly given up to the return of the Comédie-Française to their newly-decorated theatre. It contains small cuts of all the twenty-three associates, of varying degrees of badness, but most of them abominable; a full-page portrait of Molière, after Mignard's fine picture, which the theatre owns; a double-page engraving of the new ceiling of the auditorium, just decorated by M. Mazerolles; and another double-page engraving depicting the famous "ceremony" of the "Malade Imaginaire," in which all the associates and salaried actors make their bow in person to the audience.

—Some recent French works of importance are the tenth volume of François Ravaisson's 'Archives de la Bastille' (1687-92), in which the writer makes an improbable guess at the Man of the Iron Mask—Sébastien de Penancourt, brother of the mistress of Charles II. of England, as he would have him; new editions of Alexandrine des Echerolles' 'Une Famille noble sous la Terreur,' and of Charles de Ribbe's 'Les Familles et la Société en France avant la Révolution'; a series of studies on the châteaux of the Blésois and the banks of the Loire, by A. Storelli, beginning with the château de Chambord, illustrated with faithful and yet artistic etchings (4to); a pocket Molière bibliography (18mo, pp. 86), edited by Pierre Deschamps, and limited in edition; and 'Anonymes, Pseudonymes, et Supercheries littéraires de la Provence ancienne et moderne,' by Robert Reboul, published at Marseilles.—A society, entitled the "Nipon (Japan) Institute," "to bring into communication students, enquirers, and admirers of the art, literature, language, folklore, etc., of Japan," and to collect authentic information, publish notes and queries, etc., regarding Japan, has recently been formed in London. Branches are proposed in nearly every country, and, among others, one in the United States, which should be a flourishing and valuable one. Among the English members are Sir Rutherford Alcock, K.C.B., Vice-President of the Royal Geographical Society, Sir Charles Dilke, Mr. John Leighton, Dr. Edward B. Tylor, and others as eminent. One of the first publications of the Institute is a pamphlet giving a number of Japanese proverbs, their English equivalents, and a literal translation of them.—We are all liable to error, so while the *New York Times*, throughout

a formal review of 'Holidays in Eastern France,' calls Miss Betham-Edwards Mr. Bettram-Edwards, the *London Athenæum* of August 30 finds it "a somewhat curious coincidence in family history that Miss Fanny Kemble married the American general Butler, and that the son of her sister, Mrs. Sartoris, is united to the daughter of General Grant." This is all that is needed, we should think, to make the late Mr. Pierce Butler turn in his grave.

—The publishers' fall announcements have partly been anticipated. From G. P. Putnam's Sons we may expect a 'Life of Gladstone,' by George Barnett Smith; 'Abraham Lincoln and the Abolition of American Slavery,' by Charles G. Leland; 'A Forbidden Land' (Corea), by Ernst Oppert; 'Columbia and Canada,' by W. Fraser Rae; Molière's Dramatic Works, in a new prose translation of C. H. Wall; a translation of Jérôme Adolphe Blanqui's 'History of Political Economy in Europe'; 'Railroad Accidents: their Causes and Prevention,' by Charles Francis Adams, jr.; numerous books of poetry; a 'Pocket Classical Dictionary,' edited by Frederick G. Ireland; an illustrated 'Dictionary of Scientific Terms,' compiled by William Rossiter; and a 'Dictionary of the German Terms used in Medicine,' by Dr. G. R. Cutter. A. C. Armstrong & Son, besides new and enlarged editions of works like Gould's 'Good English,' Doran's 'Annals of the Stage,' May's 'Constitutional History of England,' etc., will publish 'The Limitations of Life,' by Wm. M. Taylor, D.D., with a steel portrait of the author; the 'Life of Alexander Duff, D.D.,' by George Smith; and 'Homiletical and Pastoral Lectures,' by the chief dignitaries of the English Church. Roberts Bros.' list includes 'Blaid,' a poem by the author of 'Deirdré'; 'The Light of Asia: Life and Teaching of Gautama, the Founder of Buddhism,' by Edwin Arnold; 'Autobiography and Correspondence of Mrs. Delany,' revised and edited by Sarah C. Woolsey; 'Classical and Scientific Studies,' by Prof. W. P. Atkinson; 'Stories of War Told by Soldiers,' edited by the Rev. E. E. Hale; 'Studying Art Abroad, and How to Do it Cheaply,' by Mary Alcott Nieriker; and several child's stories by Miss Alcott, "Susan Coolidge," and "H. H." A large number of juvenile publications is also promised by Cassell, Petter & Galpin, among which is a novelty called 'The Little Folks' Painting Book,' consisting of plates for coloring, and accompanied by moist colors for the purpose. They will enlarge their *Magazine of Art* without enhancing the price. Houghton, Osgood & Co. will offer their usual variety of new editions of English and American classics, and the following new works: stories by Miss Elizabeth Stuart Phelps ('Sealed Orders'), Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney ('Odd or Even'), and Bret Harte ('The Twins of Table Mountain'); a third volume of Emerson's Prose Works; 'Miscellanies,' by Judge J. D. Caton, author of 'The Antelope and Deer of America'; and the seventh volume of the Rev. Joseph Cook's 'Boston Monday Lectures,' for 1878 and 1879; more poetry by Mrs. S. M. B. Piatt ('Dramatic Persons and Moods'), and by Nora Perry ('Her Lover's Friend'); 'Every-Day English,' by Richard Grant White; 'A Reader's Handbook of the American Revolution,' by Justin Winsor; 'Compositions in Outline from Hawthorne's Scarlet Letter,' by F. O. C. Darley; and 'The Illustrated Annual for Boys and Girls,' and 'Boys and Girls' Miscellany,' both home productions.

—D. Appleton & Co. will have a 'Life of Admiral Farragut,' by his son; a 'Dictionary of New York,' on the plan of Dickens's London Dictionary; and illustrated volumes on 'The Homes of America,' and 'Landscape in American Poetry,' the latter edited by Lucy Larcom. Dodd, Mead & Co. will issue Woltmann and Wörman's 'History of Painting in All Ages,' translated by Prof. Sidney Colvin; 'The Print Collector'; and 'The Indian Alps'—the Himalayas, namely. Estes & Lauriat announce a new book by Gail Hamilton, called 'Our Common-School System'; an abridgment of Guizot's 'History of France,' by Gustave Masson; and the following subscription books: Rawlinson's 'History of Ancient Egypt'; Duruy's 'History of Rome'; Rambaud's 'History of Russia'; a 'History of Middlesex County, Mass.,' by S. A. Drake; and 'Wild Flowers of America,' by Prof. Geo. L. Goodale. S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago, have in press 'The Younger Edda,' annotated by Prof. R. B. Anderson. Harper & Bros., besides extending the Half-Hour Series, the Franklin Square Library, and the English Men of Letters, will bring out 'The Civil Service of Great Britain,' by Dorman B. Eaton; 'Art in America,' by S. G. W. Benjamin, and 'Tyrol and the Skies of the Alps,' by Col. Geo. E. Waring, jr.—both of which have appeared in part in *Harper's Magazine*; 'The Land of the Midnight Sun,' being Paul Du Chaillu's travels in Scandinavia, fully illustrated; John Addington Symonds's 'Studies of the Greek Poets'; Peter Bayne's 'Lessons from my Masters: Carlyle, Tennyson, and Ruskin'; and the Comte du Mon-

cel's 'The Telephone, the Microphone, and the Phonograph.' Henry Holt & Co. announce 'Hector Berlioz,' selections from his letters and writings by William F. Apthorp. Lee & Shepard announce 'Short Studies of American Authors,' by T. W. Higginson; and 'Camps in the Caribbees,' by Fred. A. Ober. Little, Brown & Co. will publish a 'Law Dictionary,' by Benj. Vaughan Abbott. Macmillan & Co., in addition to previous announcements, will have 'France since the First Empire,' by the late James Macdonell, a writer of great promise. Charles Scribner's Sons will republish in book form H. H. Smith's 'Brazil,' from their *Monthly*; and Jules Verne's 'History of Exploration and Adventure,' in three volumes, illustrated. J. W. Bouton's fall issues will include Parts I. and II. of the *Etcher*, a monthly art periodical illustrated with three etchings in each number; the *Musée Artistique et Littéraire*, a cheap weekly reprint of *L'Art* minus the etched plates; a new edition of Owen Jones's 'Grammar of Ornament'; a second and concluding volume of Planché's 'Costume'; Part VIII. of Racinet's 'Costume Historique'; 'Rowlandson, the Caricaturist,' with copious illustrations after his designs; and a 'Ritual of the Altar,' by the Rev. Orby Shipley. R. Worthington has nearly ready 'Famous French Authors,' biographies by Théophile Gautier, Eugène de Mirecourt, etc.

—From Dawson Bros., Montreal, there comes to us the new 'Dominion Annual Register and Review,' edited, for the twelfth year of the Canadian Union, 1878, by Henry J. Morgan, with the assistance of several gentlemen. It makes a volume of about 400 pages, exclusive of the advertisements. Some features are wanting which will naturally be supplied in future issues, but even as it stands this 'Register' will be found invaluable to any one who wishes to study or write about Canadian affairs. The first considerable section is a diary of Political Events since Confederation, July 1, 1867. This retrospect is followed by the Political History of 1878, prepared with great fulness, and including the electoral returns, with names and figures, by which the Mackenzie Government was defeated a year ago. Next comes a Journal of Remarkable Occurrences, succeeded by an ample record of the incidents of the "Vice-regal Progress from Halifax to Ottawa." Science; Business Retrospect for 1878; Remarkable Trials; Public Appointments; Obituary, are the concluding heads of sections. Under Science we are told of the appointment of four chemists, by the Canadian Government, to expose the adulteration of food, liquors, and drugs. Among the dead of 1878 is the grandson of an officer who, at the time of the assault on Quebec, Dec. 31, 1775, kept the guard at Près-de-Ville, and ordered at the right moment the fire which killed General Montgomery. Another on the list, John Letteney, "was probably the last survivor of the American Loyalists" who came over from the Colonies at the close of the Revolution. Letteney arrived in 1783, when two years old. The late Hon. Lemuel Allen Wilmot, who bore a Pennsylvania name, was the grandson of a member of the Loyal American Regiment who settled in New Brunswick at the close of the war. The Fortune Bay difficulty and the beginning of the Letellier case find their proper place in the 'Register.' There is an index of names and another of topics.

—The Ordnance Department of the Army has recently taken a singular method of vindicating itself from any suspicion of learning from the militia. According to a pamphlet published by Mr. George W. Wingate it appears that his 'Manual of Rifle Practice,' in universal use among the National Guard, was deemed partially inapplicable to Army uses by the Chief of Ordnance, though various line officers had asked to be supplied with it, and he accordingly appointed Colonel T. T. S. Laidley, commanding the Watertown arsenal, to prepare "a complete system of target practice." Colonel Laidley fulfilled his commission, and his book has been adopted for the use of the Army. He had an easy task, apparently, since he availed himself of Wingate's 'Manual' with perfect freedom and to a large extent. Out of 515 sections and 18 pages of appendix about 200 sections and nearly all of 17 pages of his book are taken from Wingate's. The author of the latter objects to this conveyance of the fruits of several years' experience and labor; but his main ground of complaint is that Colonel Laidley has given no credit whatever for his gleanings. On the contrary, in transmitting the work to the War Department, the Chief of Ordnance said: "In the preparation of this work all the credit is due to Colonel Laidley." This, Mr. Wingate submits, is emphasis of outrage.

—The *International Review* for September opens with a paper on Rubens by Mr. Hamerton, in which the character and daily life of the painter are described with Mr. Hamerton's notorious impartiality. He promises to follow it with a critical essay that will easily be of quite as much interest and value, we should say, and, from its conditions, freer from the "chatting" which long-continued writing for the *Portfolio* per-

haps induces. Mr. Henry Cabot Lodge has a review of Mr. Adams's 'Life of Albert Gallatin,' or rather a careful and complete article upon Gallatin, for which the book supplies a text merely. "Bibliomania in France" is a rambling talk by Mr. Andrew Lang, of London, in which there is much that is old and a good deal that is new to the average bibliophile, probably, and which is pleasant, if aimless, reading to any one. Mr. T. S. Perry has an essay on "Recent Criticism of Byron," which assumes that "now there are almost as few who admire his poetry as there are who approve his taste in shirt-collars," and gently regrets it. The essay is full of what may be called *Byroniana*, very well edited, but it has an air of gracefully avoiding the vulgarity of having a distinct drift. Rev. Dr. Washburn's second article on "England and Turkey" deals mainly with the Constantinople Conference, for the failure of which the writer holds Lord Beaconsfield responsible. The Christians in Turkey have been utterly bewildered by the recent course of the English Government, he asserts, and adds that "there is probably no name, except that of Judas Iscariot, which they curse so often as that of Beaconsfield." Mr. Felix L. Oswald has a highly rhetorical article on the treatment of the Circassians by the Russians, which indicates that his acquaintance with his subject is very slight, and that a perusal of one or two of the best books on the Caucasus would probably have prevented his writing on it at all. The very title of his paper—"A Murdered Nation"—is a misnomer. The population of the Caucasus never were "a nation of athletes and heroes." They were a number of small tribes of very diverse origin, speaking different languages, without any bond of union either ethnical or religious or political, except their hostility to Russia, and living largely by robbery.

—Col. Waring's "On the Skirt of the Alps," in the October *Harper's*, is perhaps the most enjoyable of the series; and as it treats of Venice and the sub-Alpine lakes, this is saying a great deal for his originality. One does not often, in fact, meet with a tourist who concerns himself about the water-supply of "a city where the salt sea is the scavenger, where ablutions are not *de rigueur*, and where water is not a beverage"; nor one who exposes the hollowness of the Italian railroad service, with the conclusion that no nation tolerating such a system "holds the germ of regeneration anywhere in its organization." It does not appear whether Col. Waring's experiences preceded, or not, the transfer of the upper Italian railways to the Government control (law of July 8, 1878), but he would in either event be a good witness before the Parliamentary inquest now pending, with the result thus far that the Government service is not shown to be more vicious than that of the corporations, and that complaints are much fewer than was anticipated. We remark of this, as of the previous articles, that the writer has a sure eye for the picturesque in collecting the materials for his illustrations. There is fresh description of a little-visited part of Ireland in "The Connemara Hills," by Miss J. L. Cloud. As her narrative ends abruptly in the home of a potheen-maker, or illicit distiller, there is reason to hope we may get more of it. Mr. Frank H. Taylor's "Through Texas" is also lively and improving reading, and such of its illustrations as are after photographs are decidedly interesting. Art finds its tribute in Mr. Benjamin's galloping summary, No. 3, of "Fifty Years of American Art," with the usual accompaniment of costly engravings from original canvases; and in Mr. Charles A. Cole's "Painted Glass in Household Decoration." Dr. Coan states concisely the latest conclusions of medical enquiry into the nourishing properties of alcohol administered as food; and here our enumeration of the contents must close.

—The sudden death of William M. Hunt, of Boston, leaves a gap in the ranks of American artists more noticeable, perhaps, than any other death could make. His peculiarities of talent and conviction were such as, at this time, tend to make their possessor especially prominent. As painter and as teacher of art for twenty years he has exercised a singularly powerful influence over many of the best of the younger artists and students of New England, and, through them, over the same class elsewhere. He was taken to be the best representative in America of a certain great modern school—or if "school" is a word of too exact and limited a meaning, then a tendency, a fashion—of painting. The doctrines preached with characteristic fearlessness by himself, and with a vigor which continually becomes bigoted intolerance by his pupils, are full of meaning and value. Nor should it be urged too strongly against the preachers of these doctrines that they mistake the particular for the universal, and a grace peculiar to certain recent painters for the eternal and essential characteristics of art. All writers and teachers of fine art are apt to do so; all writing and talking upon fine art tends that way; few are the writers so critical by nature and so widely informed as to avoid mis-

taking the art they love for the only art, and the style they love for the only truth and beauty. Mr. Hunt's painting was full of manliness and simple force, and his pictures, not very numerous, will remain as valuable possessions to other generations. His latest well-known work, the wall paintings in the Assembly Chamber at Albany, cannot be unreservedly admired, but the task was so difficult and so peculiar that there is scarcely an artist in America to whom one could entrust it with any feeling of confidence. Great monumental paintings do not appear singly, detached efforts of the imagination and the will of one man, but in epochs—in long-continued sequences of growth.

—The late Sir Rowland Hill, the founder of the English penny-postage system, was a remarkable man and had a remarkable career. He was so far a self-educated man that he began to teach others at the age of twelve, and it is a little singular, perhaps, that he is remembered not only for his postal reform but for his earlier efforts in behalf of educational reform as well. His father kept a school and kept it very ill, according to all accounts, although he was emphatically a man of ideas and an ardent enthusiast. Rowland is said to have inherited this temperament, modified strongly by the marked practical good sense of his mother, and the first attempt of his early manhood was to rescue his father from the debts his unbusiness-like habits had incurred. This involved thorough reform in the school, and young Hill thus developed the power of organization and discipline which he afterwards called his forte. He and his brother Matthew, the late Recorder of Birmingham, subsequently established a school near Birmingham, which was managed on the peculiar principles of a pure democracy. The "sixth-form" boys were elected by the school and formed a kind of parliament. Offences were tried before a jury of the offender's peers, and so on. In after-life Sir Rowland observed with a smile that he would hardly send a boy of his own to such a school; but it had its good points certainly, and anticipated many of Arnold's subsequent reforms at Rugby. Matthew Hill at this time wrote a volume called 'Public Education,' after reading which Bentham threw aside, as he says, all he had himself written on the subject. De Quincey reviewed it among others. Wilberforce, Brougham, Grote, Joseph Hume, and Miss Edgeworth visited Hazelwood and took a great interest in the "experiment" of the brothers Hill. After giving up teaching, Rowland was made Secretary of the Commission for the Colonization of South Australia, in which scheme, as well as in other movements of the day, he had taken an active part. His duties did not occupy all the time of a man accustomed to work fifteen hours or more a day, and he turned his attention first to certain inventions, one of which was a printing-machine, and then to postal reform. He set about investigating the Post-Office, and finally arrived at the practicability of a uniform rate, after discovering such data, for example, as that the cost of conveying a letter from London to Edinburgh was less than one-thirty-sixth of a penny, whereas the charge was 1s. 1½d. Of course every one was against him at first, and every official to the end. In 1837 he published his plan in a pamphlet, entitled 'Post-Office Reforms,' and January 10, 1840, penny postage came into effect. Sir Rowland's rewards were for a long time absurdly disproportionate to the value of his services, but before his death he had obtained all the recognition, substantial and merely complimentary, that a far vainer man could ask.

—Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well, and consequently the attempts to reproduce the dialect of the Irish peasantry by persons whose acquaintance with it is very slight, which one sees nearly every day in prose and verse in the newspapers, are to be regretted. They are for the most part a mass of blunders, both as regards phrase and pronunciation. The Irish peasantry do not use half the "locutions" which are put in their mouths, and do not pronounce one-half the words in the way they are made to pronounce them. We will mention at present only the most flagrant of these errors, as a warning to those who furnish the press with stories of what "the Irishman" or "Biddy" said. No Irishman pronounces *ee* or *ie* as *a* in *fate*. Consequently when an Irishman is made, as he is constantly made, to say "spache" for speech, or "praste" for priest, or "same" for seem, or "fate" for feet, the reporter confesses himself a pretender. The diphthong which Patrick and Biddy pronounce differently from educated people at the present day is *ea*, to which they always give the sound of *a* in *fate*. Consequently they "chate" for cheat, "thrate" for treat, "sate" for seat, and so on. But in doing this they are simply preserving the pronunciation in use in England when the language was first introduced into Ireland in the sixteenth century, and which has come down among them as a tradition unaffected by literature. Numerous other illustrations of this survival among the ignorant Irish of extinct modes of English pronunciation might be

given. But, as might be expected, a large number of their peculiarities of speech are reminiscences of their own language, transmitted from generation to generation without the correction of school education or much intercourse with people of English origin. Blunders of a similar kind to those we have been noticing are made also by persons ignorant of the Irish language attempting to interlard Irish-English speech with pure Irish phrases. A ludicrous one was pointed out in the *Spectator* the other day, in which a writer of "Irish" verse introduces the phrase "Father avick," addressed to a priest; "avick" meaning "my son," and being a form of address in Irish from an old to a younger man, and, therefore, somewhat ridiculous when collocated with "father." The writer evidently thought it a vague form of endearment.

—Professor Voigt, well known as a specialist in the field of the so-called *Tier-sage*, has recently (*Zts. für deut. Alterthum*, xxiii. 307) subjected the writings of Odo de Ciringtonia, an Anglo-Latin fabulist of the thirteenth century, to a careful detailed examination. The results at which he arrives are, that Odo's fables are for the greatest part based upon the compilation generally known under the name of "Romulus"; some, however, may be traced to other popular works, such as the *Vulgate*, *Physiologus*, *Petrus Alfonsus*, etc., and some are of his own invention. Some, furthermore, afford an instructive glimpse into "the prolific *fabulation* of the twelfth century, with which Odo became acquainted by reason of his studies in Paris, and the then active intercourse between England and Northern France." Professor Voigt goes to the length of saying that Odo "in his importance for the history of the Reynard cycle surpasses all the fable-compilers of the Middle Ages."

—Readers of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* for August 15 will have found enjoyment in a new series of Mérimée's letters, accompanied by critical and other remarks by M. Othenin d'Haussonville. It was M. d'Haussonville's original intention, he tells us, to write an "étude complète" on Mérimée, and in furtherance of this design he sought both for oral information and for unpublished documents. From men and women who had known Mérimée he heard the most diverse opinions as to his character, and he promised himself much pleasure in unravelling "the secret of these contradictions," but finally gave up the idea because of the publication of the 'Lettres à une Inconnue,' which must, he thought, have so taken the edge off the public's appetite as to make it impossible to secure attention for a biography of the author of them, unless, indeed, the biographer were willing, "at the risk of defiling both living and dead, to jump headlong into a pool of scandal." Of the twenty-six letters which the editor prints, the greater part, and to the English reader the most interesting, were addressed to Mr. N. W. Senior's daughter-in-law, an Englishwoman, like the famous Inconnue. The first letter to her here printed is of the year 1854, the last of 1867. As was to be expected, the letters are much less personal than were those to the Inconnue, and there is, of course, no thread of a love-story running through them. They are none the less very attractive. The relations of men and women, the customs of various countries, and opinions on all sorts of books form their substance, anecdotes and gossip being occasionally thrown in. Macaulay, for instance, he finds "a too-perfect writer," just as the characters in English novels are too perfect morally, because "he never gives his readers occasion to think." Other letters here printed were written to "the daughter of a soldier famous at once for the name he bore and for the rank he had attained," and are worth reading, though inferior to the first named. Among the few personal sketches is a very severe one of Mme. Récamier.

—But besides letters, M. d'Haussonville picked up from his friends a good many reminiscences of Mérimée, with which he favors the reader. He was born in a respectable, middle-class family of Paris, and his grandfather was a Rouen lawyer, who afterwards became land-agent to the late Marshal de Broglie. Strangely enough, it was from his mother, a woman of considerable culture, that he got his disposition to scandalize his acquaintances by the avowal of heretical opinions. While still a young man he became intimate with George Sand, but neither her friendship nor her enmity had much influence upon him. His dismissal by another lady after very close intimacy, and after being wounded in a duel by her husband, went, however, to his heart. It was to relieve his mind from this mortifying adventure that he journeyed in Spain in 1830, having previously refused the offer of a minor diplomatic position from unwillingness to sacrifice his liberal opinions. The July revolution brought to power a personal friend, by whose favor he entered the Government service, in which he remained, in one form or another, till his death. During his tour in Spain he had made the acquaintance of the Montijo family, which later grew into close intimacy in Paris, Mérimée being

often entrusted with the care of amusing "la petite Eugénie" when her mother was otherwise occupied. It was before this, of course, that he knew Mme. Récamier, of whom he writes that he did not become acquainted with her "till she was well past forty. It was easy to see that she had been pretty, but I do not think that she ever had claims to beauty. Her figure was square, her hands and feet very ugly, and as to her mind, no one thought of speaking of that till she had lost all other means of pleasing. During her youth her reputation was rather bad, later she posed as a saint; in reality she was never either a Ninon de l'Enclos or a Mme. de Maintenon." It is well to say in closing, after the recent discoveries about Sainte-Beuve, that admirers of Mérimée will find nothing in this long paper to lessen their respect for him.

—There has lately been published in Paris a novel entitled 'Le Journal de Mlle. d'Arvers,' written in French by Toru Dutt, a young Hindu poet, whose recent death in her twenty-second year is apparently a literary misfortune that cannot be too deeply regretted. It is prefaced with a critical study by Mlle. Clarisse Bader, who has refrained from correcting any of the trivial idiomatic errors which serve to make more vivid the surprising accuracy and ease with which so young a writer uses a foreign tongue. The characters and action of the book are French, though the spirit of it is Indian, which causes regret that Toru Dutt's ambition prevented her from choosing an Indian subject that she would naturally have managed better, and so have produced a more valuable if less surprising book. As it is, 'Le Journal de Mlle. d'Arvers' is described by the *Saturday Review* as a novel "of great power and beauty," and the reviewer takes advantage of its publication to recall the circumstances of its author's brief career. One is naturally sceptical about literary discoveries, but we are assured that "in intellectual power Toru Dutt was one of the most remarkable women that have lived," and that had George Sand or George Eliot died at twenty-one "they would certainly not have left behind them any proof either of application or originality superior to those bequeathed to us by Toru Dutt." These proofs are chiefly contained in a volume published at Bowanipore in 1876, called 'A Sheaf Gleaned in French Fields,' which consists of translations in English of two hundred poems selected with great delicacy of taste not only from Victor Hugo, Lamartine, and Musset, but from Gautier, Vacquerie, Bouilhet, Baudelaire, and various minor bards who, as the reviewer remarks, "certainly never expected to hear of themselves at Bowanipore." She was born in 1856 and early manifested a literary bias, resolving to make European languages her chief medium, although never neglecting Hindustani poetry. Her first literary production was an English essay, "very full and learned," on the writings of Leconte de Lisle, with metrical translations in English. She was then eighteen, and had begun the study of Sanskrit, which she followed unremittently until, after she had made an English blank-verse translation of the 'Vishnu-parāna,' she fell ill and all literary work was forbidden her. She died in August, 1877, "perhaps the most promising woman of letters at that time living." To show that this praise is not wholly unwarrantable we append a specimen of her English verse, whose high and pure poetic force is not less remarkable than her erudition:

"The rural sounds of eve were softly blending—
The fountain's murmur like a magic rhyme,
The bellow of the cattle homeward wending,
The distant steeple's melancholy chime;

"The peasant's shouts that charms from distance borrow,
The greenfinch whirling in its amorous flight,
The cricket's chirp, the night-bird's song of sorrow,
The laugh of girls who beat the linen white.

"The breeze scarce stirred the reeds beside the river:
The swallows saw their figures as they flew
In that clear mirror for a moment quiver,
Before they vanished in the clouds from view."

PLANT ARCHÆOLOGY.*

I.

INVESTIGATIONS in fossil botany are recondit and technical, the materials generally unattractive, and the results unintelligible to the popular mind; but in Count Saporta's 'Monde des Plantes,' and under his happy exposition, the stony desert is made to rejoice and blossom as the rose. The interest which we take in the vegetation of former periods is not so much geological as genealogical; and this interest diminishes with the distance from our own time and environment. We know no-

thing of the earliest plants—the beginnings of vegetable even more than of animal life are beyond our ken; no great satisfaction seems obtainable from the small acquaintance that has been made with the plants which flourished before the carboniferous period. And the botany of that age, notwithstanding its wealth of ferns and its adumbrations of next higher types, impresses us as much with the sense of strangeness as of wonderful luxuriance. For even the fern-impressions, familiar as they may look to the unprofessional observer, are outlandish. The more the critical student knows of them the less likeness he finds in them, or in the coal-vegetation generally, to any species or genera now living.* But in the vegetation of cretaceous, and still more of tertiary, times familiar forms first come to view, and pedigrees may begin to be traced. Questions of ancestry touch us more nearly than those of history; so an enquiry into the source and parentage of the plants with which man is associated is more attractive than any question concerning the origin of the pristine vegetation of the earth. Moreover, our knowledge of the later fossil botany is comparatively full—wonderfully so, considering how very recent this knowledge is—and we are in a condition to apply it hopefully and confidently to the solution of problems which not long ago seemed to be beyond the reach of proper scientific enquiry—namely, to the explanation of the actual distribution of the species of plants over the earth. For the main data themselves, and for the clear exposition of them, we are most largely indebted to three men, who happily are still alive and active—Heer, Lesquereux, and Saporta.

The Linnaeus and *facile princeps* of tertiary botany is Oswald Heer, of Zürich, now a septuagenarian, but still in harness. His 'Recherches sur le Climat et la Végétation du Pays Tertiaire,' rendered into French by C. T. Gaudin, was published nearly twenty years ago. It is a general and comparatively untechnical presentation of a long line of investigations, which have since been crowned by his several memoirs on arctic phyto-palæontology, now collected in the five volumes of his 'Flora Fossilis Arctica.' All these volumes, as well as others on the Swiss tertiary, have appeared within the last ten years, the latest only a year ago.

Leo Lesquereux, Heer's compatriot, and barely his junior, came to the United States fully thirty years ago, drawn hither from Neuchâtel by Agassiz. The greater part of his researches relate to the carboniferous flora, and he has recently thrown interesting light upon silurian botany, as has Dawson of Montreal upon the intermediate devonian. But those which at present concern us relate to the cretaceous and the tertiary of our own Western regions. The most considerable of these works are the two notable quarto volumes, entitled 'Contributions to the Fossil Flora of the Western Territories,' published by the Geological and Geographical Survey of the Territories under Dr. Hayden, upon whom and whose survey they reflect high credit. One volume treats of the cretaceous, one of the tertiary flora.

Any proper enumeration of authorities upon the fossil botany of the later periods should include various other names, and especially that of Schimper of Strassburg, who, like Lesquereux, has divided his life between bryology and fossil botany, and whose classical 'Traité de Paléontologie Végétale' is a systematic compendium of what was known of fossil plants up to the year 1874. But the volume now under notice is by a younger man, Gaston, Comte de Saporta, a Provençal, who has for fifteen years or more been investigating the rich tertiary deposits of Aix and vicinity, in the delta of the Rhone, the results of which have appeared from time to time in memoirs, mainly published in the 'Annales des Sciences Naturelles.' Besides these weightier and more technical publications, Count Saporta has contributed to the *Revue des Deux Mondes* and to *La Nature* subsidiary articles of a popular cast and of fine literary as well as scientific finish. These, now collected and re-edited, form a part of the volume before us, 'Le Monde des Plantes avant l'Apparition de l'Homme,' which has been published since the commencement of the current year. It is the most comprehensive and the most attractive, as well as the most recent, exposition of our subject, is a very readable book from beginning to end, of inviting typography, with abundant illustrations, both of wood-cuts in the letter-press and intercalated plates. Although a popular, it is a truly scientific volume. The clear stream of the narrative is hardly at all troubled by the many technical terms which unavoidably strew its course, yet without obstructing its flow, for the author has the peculiarly French gift of happy exposition. As the volume is likely to be reproduced in English, let us hope that it may have a transla-

* 'Le Monde des Plantes avant l'apparition de l'Homme. Par le Comte de Saporta. Avec 13 Planches, dont 5 en couleur et 110 figures dans le texte.' Pp. 416, 8vo. Paris: Masson; New York: F. W. Christern. 1879.

* To those who wish to get a good *coup d'œil* of this vegetation, from authentic records systematically arranged, we recommend the 'Atlas to the Coal-flora of Pennsylvania and of the Carboniferous Formation throughout the United States,' by Leo Lesquereux, an octavo volume of 87 double plates, just issued by the Second Geological Survey of Pennsylvania. There is nothing else to be compared with it.

tor in whose hands it may lose nothing of its clearness, and as little as possible of its freshness and spirit.

To attempt a popular abstract of such a book would be like skimming the cream from the cream, and a critical review would cover too much or too technical ground. Still, we may give some general idea of the contents of the volume. The first part and the most discursive portion of the book is entitled "Phenomena and Theories." The introductory chapter discourses upon the introduction of life and the origin of the earliest terrestrial organisms; and the second chapter takes up the theory of Evolution or Transformism. We may skip these chapters, yet without advising the reader to follow the example, unless he is already familiar with the topic—now a little threadbare—for, as a popular presentation, it is neat and sensible, though not profound. It hardly need be said that Saporta is an evolutionist, using the term in its general sense, and apparently a thorough Darwinian. A vegetable palæontologist who studies the later geological deposits cannot be otherwise; at least, he must needs be a "transformist." Saporta concludes that palæontology, if it does not furnish demonstration, yet gives irresistible reasons for a belief in evolution. The ground and the nature of this conviction appear in his rounded statement, that there is not a tree or shrub in Europe, in North America, at the Canaries, in the Mediterranean region, the ancestry of which is not recognizable, more or less distinctly, in a fossil state. This is too absolutely stated, no doubt, but the qualifications it may need will not invalidate the conclusion.

The chapter on ancient climates which follows, and forms a proper introduction to the second part of the book, is worthy of particular attention. It is prefaced by an elementary but very graphic exposition of the phenomena and laws of climates and their diversities, from the regular succession of equal days and nights under the equator to the contrasted condition toward the pole of a year composed of a day and a night season, separated by a season of twilight; the change so rapid in the high latitudes that, while the summer day at the North Cape is two months long, at Spitzbergen seven additional degrees of latitude lengthen it to four months. Let the author point the contrast between the two extremes, as affecting man, in his own language, here somewhat exceptionally ornate:

"Il est vrai que dans ce dernier pays [Spitzbergen] le soleil s'élève au plus de 37 degrés au-dessus de l'horizon; il n'envoie que des rayons sans chaleur, *telum imbellè sine ictu*; il éclaire de sa lueur pâle une terre glacée où frissonnent quelques plantes ensevelies sous les frimas, et qui ne sortent du sommeil qui les tient dix mois inertes que pour accomplir hâtivement leurs fonctions vitales et se rendormir de nouveau. Quel tableau, si l'on songe aux forêts vierges du Brésil et de Java, aux vallées profondes du Népal, aux savanes noyées de l'Orénoque, où la vie surabonde, où une lumière ardente, vive et dorée, ondule de toutes parts, soulève de tièdes vapeurs, joue avec l'ombre, et fait resplendir les formes des plus merveilleux végétaux! Sous les tropiques, l'homme se sent écrasé par une vie exubérante, il lutte incessamment pour maintenir sa place au milieu de la nature, dont il est dominé; ses plus fortes œuvres sont envahies en peu de temps; les arbres immenses reprennent possession du sol, dès que celui-ci est abandonné à lui-même. Dans l'extrême Nord, la faiblesse de l'homme est encore plus évidente, mais c'est du poids de la nature inerte qu'il est accablé. Les éléments règnent seuls dans ces régions dévastées, où l'atmosphère se trouve livrée à d'épouvantables tourmentes. La neige dérobie les aspérités du sol, la glace couvre la mer d'un sol factice, souvent mobile et toujours dangereux; la confusion est partout, le calme nulle part; chaque pas est pénible, la vie elle-même devient un effort que l'énergie la mieux trempée ne peut soutenir longtemps sans succomber" (p. 212).

The modifications of this contrast through the actual distribution of land and water, winds and currents, are then considered. As these have a fixity secondary only to the fundamental elements of climate—namely, the heat of the sun, the inclination of the earth's axis to the plane of its orbit, and the relative density of the atmosphere according to the elevation of the land-surface—the climate of any part of the world might be supposed to have been constant, oscillations excepted, through the long periods that have elapsed since existing species or their immediate ancestors were introduced. It is not very long ago that Arago demonstrated, to his own and the general satisfaction, that there had been no appreciable change of the earth's climate in man's time. Plants are the thermometers of the ages, by which climatic extremes and climates in general through long periods are best measured. For at least five or six thousand years the vine and the date-palm have grown in proximity, and have furnished grapes and dates to the inhabitants of the warmer shores of the Mediterranean. Yet a very moderate change either way in the temperature would have excluded the one or the other. So Arago concluded that man had witnessed no sensible changes in the climate of Europe; a good conclusion, if restricted within the limits of observation. But in

Arago's lifetime the evidence was already accumulating which has now proved that in earlier times man and the reindeer lived together on the soil of Southern France, when if grapes could ripen in Syria and Northern Egypt, dates doubtless could not. Then, at a still earlier day, palms flourished in Switzerland and vines in Iceland. Then maples, lindens, plane-trees, spruces, and pines formed forests in Greenland up at least to the eightieth parallel; and, indeed, our own Southern cypress, or *Taxodium*—which now barely maintains its existence between the mouths of Delaware Bay and the Chesapeake—flourished along with the silver fir of Europe, within two hundred leagues of the North Pole. A climate in Greenland in which sequoias—now confined to California—magnolias, persimmons, and grape-vines were mixed with maples, oaks, and poplars, could not have been colder than, or much unlike, that of Indiana and Kentucky now.

LESSING'S PROSE WORKS.*

TAKEN conjointly with the translation of Lessing's dramas, on which we reported in February, the goodly volume now published will assist materially, in the case of those to whom German is a sealed book, towards the formation of an independent estimate of their versatile author's breadth of sympathy, critical scholarship, and penetrating insight. And yet full justice to him demands something more. To no one who duly considers thus much of his writings will it be a surprise to hear that he was, withal, an earnest and voluminous theologian. That, however, his theology would attract many modern readers is far from likely. Most of it, though startlingly original when fresh before the world, has long been superannuated. Still, there is a single short speculation of his, the essay on the 'Education of the Human Race,' which we regret to see that Mr. Bell has not found room or reason to reissue. At least not only that essay, but also 'Leibnitz on Eternal Punishment' and the 'Testament of John,' must be read by all who would not that their conception of Lessing should lack much of being comprehensive.

The editor offers us, first of all, the celebrated 'Laokoon.' Of the several translations of it which have appeared, the one which he has selected is much the best among such of them as we are acquainted with. This, the work of Mr. E. C. Beasley, now retouched, originally came out in 1853. Some time ago we had occasion to go through Mr. Beasley's version very carefully; and we then took note of all of the few instances in which he deviated from strict fidelity of reproduction. On comparison we are satisfied that the revision professed to have been made is most thorough. In only a few instances have we detected negligence. At p. 14 "Aristomenes" should be supplied just before "Aristodemus." At p. 33 *Skénopöie* is Englished by "acting." For this most unusual term—a transliteration of *σκηνοποιία*, taken in an unclassical acceptance—Miss Zimmern, at p. 210, has, and correctly, "mechanism of the stage." But the heedful revision which we have mentioned should have been supplemented. With a view to recasting the 'Laokoon' Lessing recorded numerous observations which he did not live to turn to methodical account; and, mere memoranda as many of them are, they are, in most cases, of unquestionable value, if only as expressing their author's maturer reflections and conclusions. These fragments, which all real students of Lessing are conversant with, are given in what is, probably, their completest form in the edition of the 'Laokoon' brought out by Professor Hugo Blümner in 1876. It is a grave omission that Mr. Bell has allowed them to pass untranslated. Indeed, Professor Blümner's meritorious labors appear to have escaped Mr. Bell's researches altogether.

Next to the 'Laokoon' comes the dissertation entitled 'How the Ancients represented Death,' which, strange to say, has never before been invested with an English dress. The translation, a most excellent one, is by Miss Zimmern. But here again we are sorry to be obliged to find fault. To the dissertation in question Herder wrote a very learned appendix; and we expected to see that the translator had made free use of it, at least in annotations or in the shape of an epitome. Far from doing so, neither does she, nor does Mr. Bell, so much as allude to it.

The remainder of the volume, its larger moiety, is taken up with the 'Hamburg Dramaturgy.' An introductory note tells us that it has been "translated, with occasional abridgment." The expression is misleading, inasmuch as not less than a third of the whole has been passed by. Not, however, that we complain of this free excision; for Miss Zimmern has

* Selected Prose Works of G. E. Lessing. Translated from the German by E. C. Beasley, B.A., and Helen Zimmern. Edited by Edward Bell, M.A. London: George Bell & Sons. 1879.

here shown as much judgment in the matter of curtailing as skill in that of interpreting. In the 'Dramaturgy' Lessing is conspicuous in that phase of his genius which the most widely recommends him to tastes purely literary. No matter how subordinate or insignificant the point which he labors there, his comments are, without exception, alike equitable and searching. His strictures on Voltaire, as dramatist and as critic, and his defence of Aristotle against the misrepresentations of Pierre Corneille and Dacier, especially deserve to be particularized as worthy of attentive study. Lessing's anti-Gallicanism, while well-grounded, was fervently sincere. Here is a sample of it:

"Out on the good-natured idea to procure [read of *procuring*] for the Germans a national theatre, when we Germans are not yet a nation! I do not speak of our political constitution, but only of our social character. It might almost be said that this consists in not desiring to have an individual one. We are still the sworn copyists of all that is foreign; especially are we still the obedient admirers of the never sufficiently admired French. All that comes to us from beyond the Rhine is beautiful, charming, exquisite, divine. We would rather belie our sight and hearing than find it otherwise. We would rather let ourselves be persuaded that clumsiness is unconstraint; impudence, grace; grimace, expression; a jingle of rhymes, poetry; howling, music; than in the least doubting [read *doubt*] the superiority in all that is good, beautiful, elevated, and correct which this amiable people—this first people in the world, as they are in the habit of modestly calling themselves—have received from just fate as their portion" (p. 490).

The skill in translating which Miss Zimmern displays is, for one to whom English is not entirely native, exceptionally creditable, and slight occasional help from some judicious friend would have amply availed to secure her against all animadversion. Her *afear'd*, *blood-thirst*, *motivate*, *opine*, *subterrene*, *another from*, *another but*, *different to*, *everybody . . . their and themselves*, *such . . . that* (for *as*), *frightened of* (for *at*), *stood at* (for *in*) *this pillory*, *resemblance with* (for *to*), *worthy the wisdom of*, *take recourse to*, *young person* (for *woman*), *pending* (for *impending*) *over*, *two Cupidines*, etc., etc., surprise one unpleasantly, considering the excellent English in which these expressions are embedded. What with bad construction and contempt of stops, a strange place to make an offering is suggested where we read: "Diana removes Iphigenia from the altar on which she is to be sacrificed in a cloud and places a deer in her stead," p. 317. "Abstract," *abstrahiren*, is several times put for "deduce" or "infer," as at pp. 432, 434, 466, 491. "Hostage," at p. 285, is misused for "pledge," *Unterpfind*. "Tirades" has not, with us, the sense given it at p. 440. "Glossary" does not mean "gloss," as at p. 452 it is assumed to mean. *Ausleger* is not "exponent," at pp. 200, 378, but "interpreter." "Scholasts" is mistaken, at p. 407, for "scholastics," or "school-divines"—*Scholastiker*. There are numerous other errors of the same character.

For a moment we revert to the 'Laokoon,' and we do so that we may record a warning in connection with a translation of it by the Right Hon. Sir Robert Phillimore, D.C.L., published in 1874. The sole merit of this translation consists in its incorporating at the end the posthumous *Fragments*, which, as we have noted, Mr. Beasley and his reviser have unwisely omitted. The long preface by the learned judge is of but indifferent value, and hardly more attaches to his notes, which, moreover, we often have no clue for distinguishing from Lessing's own. The punctuation, every here and there, is simply execrable, and is, besides, like that of an ill-taught school-girl's letter rather than leguleian. But that which particularly strikes a careful reader is the exceedingly imperfect quality of Sir Robert's acquaintance with German. For instance, at p. 136, and repeatedly, the familiar *der erste der beste* is Englished by "the first and best," and, at p. 156, by "the strongest." At p. 175 *gewissenhaft*, "conscientious," is guessingly rendered "learned." At p. 226 we find "injurious," instead of "harmless," for *unschädlich*. At p. 340, "famous," not "genuine," figures for *echt*. At p. 265, for "what Scopas said of a Venus" read "what he [Pliny] says of a Venus by Scopas." At p. 304, "with a single *liquido* in thin liquid" stands, most carelessly, for *mit einzigen liquido*. At p. 218 we read of "Ambrosian hair," seemingly suggestive of some new thing in patristics. Omissions of sentences, clauses, and single words could be enumerated by the dozen. As concerns errors of the press, a good-sized page would barely suffice to point them out. At p. 2, last line, doubtless the translator wrote, and rightly, "confined . . . to"; this the printer altered to "confirmed . . . to"; and this, again, as making nonsense, was altered to "confirmed . . . as to," in utter disregard of the requirements of the original. Add, *Talnatako*, for *Palnatako*, and *Gomsburgers*, for *Jomsburgers*, p. 9; *sires*, for *sons*, p. 17; *secret*, for *sweet*, p. 19; *pursue*, for *not pursue*, p. 28; *larger continuance*, for *longer continuance*, p. 43; *gapes*, for

quakes, p. 53; *shall but be*, for *shall not be*, p. 55; *Hugedorm* (in the Index *Hugendorm*), for *Hagedorn*, p. 77; *woe*, for *war*, p. 209, l. 1; *admiration*, for *admixture*, p. 240, l. 3; *frequent*, for *pregnant*, p. 303. And so we might go on.

For once in a way we have gone into such details as these last, and those winding up a paragraph preceding, as furnishing a salutary lesson to authors, how perilous it is to put forth a printed book without controlling, by constant recurrence to one's manuscript, the unintelligent ventures of compositors and the unscrupulousness of proof-readers.

WALKER'S 'MONEY.'

PROFESSOR WALKER is so original and independent a thinker in political economy, and so far above all partisan proclivities, that the systematic development of any branch of the subject from his pen could not fail to be an interesting subject of critical analysis. But we can hardly consider either of the treatises on money which he has published within the last twelve months as falling strictly within this category. His first and largest work was so far devoted to the analysis of the views of other economists on the subject that it was sometimes difficult for the reader to conclude what the distinctive views of the author were, or indeed whether he had any decided views at all. The present work has a different object, and the author expresses in his preface the desire "to reach correct results without undertaking in all or most cases to balance conflicting views against each other and set out the arguments on either side, according to the methods of the class-room." Yet the work does not at all correspond to our idea of a systematic development of the subject. Indeed, the wide erudition and critical taste of the author are unfavorable to the perfection of such a work, in that they make the subject in his mind assume the form of a systematized collection of facts and arguments rather than that of a unified growth from a single root. To qualify one's self completely for the task we suggest, he should stay away from books so long as to forget all the arguments and views of individual authors, retaining only the general ideas necessary to enable him to work out a system for himself. It is evident that some time would be required for an author to do this.

The broad distinction we wish to draw between a systematic development and a presentation of views, facts, and arguments, however carefully arranged, has a much wider significance than any application of it to Professor Walker's writings, because on it depends the question whether political economy as a whole, or any part of it, has yet assumed the form of a science. Our desire for a systematic development, unmixed with any extraneous opinions or arguments, may be met with the objection that such a system would be simply a presentation of the individual views of the author, in which the student would not be informed how far those views were concurred in by other economists or what arguments might lie against them. We admit the validity of this objection on the assumption that our present political economy is mainly built up of opinions and arguments, differing from each other only in their soundness and the extent of their application, and that there are no points on which entire agreement can be secured; but this amounts to assuming that the subject is still little more than a branch of philosophy in which definite results are entirely unattainable—a point we are by no means ready to admit. We conceive that in all this warring chaos there is a nucleus of solid truth to which the large majority of the really sensible disputants would be quite ready to agree. The only question is, Shall it be presented to the reader and student apart from the polemics of which it is the outcome, or with them? Shall we preface our description of the shield by an account of the dispute between the ill-informed knights, or shall we be satisfied by giving the learner a complete and accurate conception of the shield as it is? While we would not deprecate the former course, nor maintain that any one should be kept in ignorance of opposing views and arguments, we do maintain that the central nucleus of sound conclusions should be so clearly distinguished from the surrounding arguments (necessarily incomplete on account of the incompleteness of their foundation) that the reader shall see the distinction without close attention or mental effort. This our author fails to do. We do not complain that the individual views of Professor Walker are not sufficiently prominent, but rather commend both the modesty of the author in assuming them to be of no more importance than the views of others, and his judicial impartiality in presenting all sides of the subject. Nor do we deny the great value of the thoughts which are thus presented to us. The fault we find is that the author does not forge out of all this mate-

* 'Money in its relations to Trade and Industry. By Francis A. Walker.' New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1879.

rial a sufficiently compact, connected, and completed system, or at least, if the system is there, does not differentiate it with sufficient sharpness from the material out of which it is formed. There is so loud a din of opposing arguments that the reader cannot distinctly hear the conclusion.

Besides having too much argument, extended arguments are sometimes presented which are not of sufficient importance to be considered an integral part of the subject. For instance, the bulk of the opening chapter is devoted to the question whether bank-notes are money, the author taking a decided affirmative, and basing his argument on the premise that "money is that money does." Now, this question is mainly one of terminology. It does not appear that there is the smallest difference of opinion between the disputants as to the function of bank-notes. The only question is whether our definition of the term "money" shall be so extended as to include this function. Is it not a waste of energy to devote so much space to a question of pure terminology at the threshold of a subject? If it could be shown that any fallacious notions or groundless conclusions had been based on a vicious application of terms, the application of the latter would then become a worthy subject of discussion. But the author makes no attempt to show that the restricted application of the term "money" which he combats has ever led any one to an incorrect material conclusion, or that his argument has any other result than that of calling things by their right names. In leaving the subject the author shows his own moderation, and at the same time spoils the effect of what he has been saying, by having to take his rather unruly argument by the horns and hold it back from proving that bank-checks are also money. He draws three distinctions between checks and bank-notes, not one of which, in our opinion, will hold water. The substance of them all is that the successive passers of a check are all responsible to those who follow them for the final payment of the check by the bank on which it is drawn, so that the act of transferring the check does not make final payment, while the transfer of a bank-note is a final release of the payer if the note is good. But is there anything really essential in this difference? It will not be maintained that spurious coins or counterfeit bank-notes are money, or that their transfer operates as a release of the payer, so that they come into the same category with bad checks. But the transfer of a good check releases the payer as completely as that of a good bank-note. Checks are often payable to bearer, and then pass from hand to hand as bank-notes. Endorsements may be required on bank-notes as well as on checks, when there is any doubt of their genuineness on the part of the payee, and we think that many of the notes of the Bank of England presented for payment bear as many endorsements as the average of the checks presented. On the whole, we fear the argument will prove so hard to manage that it had better not be brought forward at all. We see no objection to the old system of confining the term "money" to the precious metals or other things which banks promise by their notes to pay, and leaving the term "currency" to apply to the medium of exchange in general between man and man.

The chapters of most interest and value are those which treat of the relations of the precious metals to values, including the multiple tender, and the effects of metallic contraction and inflation. We here find the first extended discussion of the multiple standard of value which we remember to have seen in an American dress. The effects of an increase or diminution in the supply of the precious metals are treated from a new

and original point of view. To Professor Walker belongs the credit of bringing into prominence the functions of the *entrepreneur* in production, functions which have been singularly neglected by the English economists, though they continually increase in importance with the minuter organization of labor. This circumstance may be partly due to the fact that our language possesses no word to designate the class. His views of the way in which this class is affected by changes in the value of the circulating medium are worthy of more consideration than we can give to them. His exposition of the progress of "hard times" is a good example of the analytic method of treating the subject which we prefer, a method in which the *modus operandi* of a combination of actually existing causes is shown in a fashion to admit of no dispute among those who understand the subject. He ranges himself among the bi-metallists, but he does not assert that the bi-metallic see-saw between the two metals can go on indefinitely, and reduces the claims of the policy to limits so modest that sound monometallists will not find much to dispute in his theoretical conclusions. His discussion of the practice of banking, especially in this country, is instructive and entertaining, though not systematized in the way we should like.

Hints for Pupils in Drawing and Painting. By Helen M. Knowlton, with Illustrations from Charcoal Drawings by William M. Hunt. (Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 1879.)—This is an odd little book, of the sort which the English weeklies are apt to mention in a few words of generalized praise as "racy and suggestive," or "full of interest and value," or "inspired by a sincere love of art." There is no doubt that the book in question is all of this; but when one enquires whether it is of value to the student, and whether, on the whole, it is an important addition to the list of text-books, the answer is not so easy. It is very short, very abrupt, very positive, very upheshating. Of the twenty-seven small pages one is given up to the preparations for charcoal drawing; four to hints as to choice of subject, and as to beginning work on a subject, with an almost comical emphasis laid upon the directions to "almost close your eyelids or shut one eye" when you contemplate your subject; three pages and a half to Allston's method of painting; a page or two more to other manners and processes used or thought to have been used by great masters; then brief recipes for preparing canvas, varnishing and preparing pictures; in short, a little of this and a little of that, flavored with brief enunciation of some very sound maxims on values and outlines; the whole in language which would have been less fancifully abrupt, perhaps, but for the example set in Mr. William Hunt's pamphlet of 'Talks' and M. Couture's volumes. Twenty very interesting full-page pictures, reproduced by some "process" from charcoal sketches by Mr. Hunt, form the most valuable part of this volume, and make it well worth buying.

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